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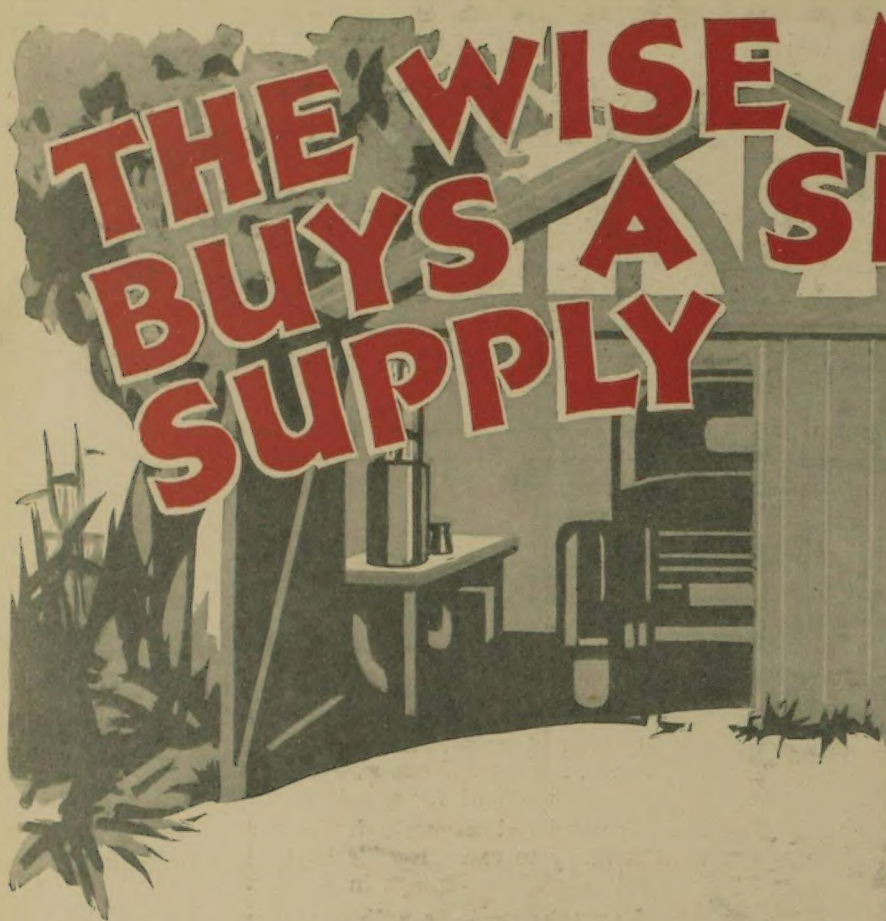
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1928.

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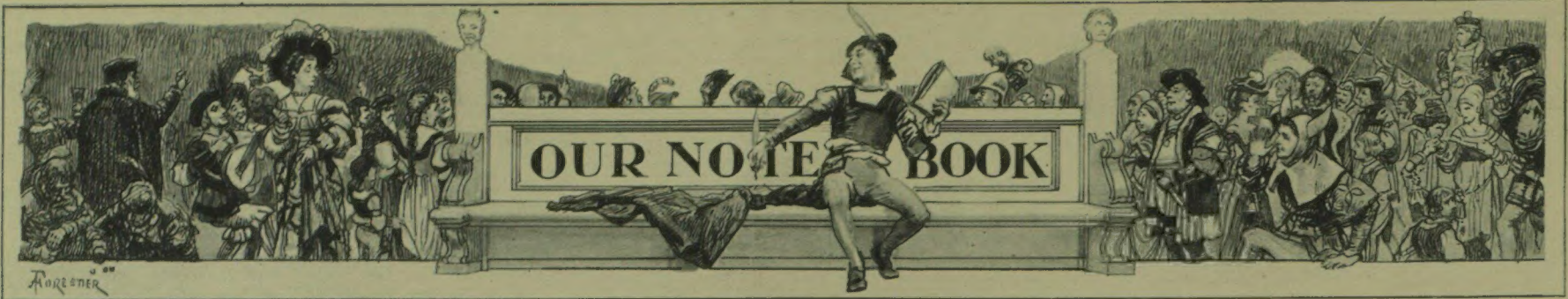


## A CHARMING FIGURE AMONG THE YOUNGER ROYALTIES: PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ OF BELGIUM.

In the younger generation of European royalties, Princess Marie José holds a unique place, as the only daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians. Like her father and mother, King Albert and Queen Elisabeth, the Princess is immensely popular. She and her brothers, in their childhood, were taken everywhere by their parents on public visits, and, as one writer puts

it, "these royal children learned to know and be known by the Belgians of every degree." Princess Marie José, the youngest of the three, was born on August 4, 1906. Her elder brother, the Duke of Brabant, who married Princess Astrid of Sweden, was born on November 3, 1901, and her younger brother, the Count of Flanders, on October 10, 1903.





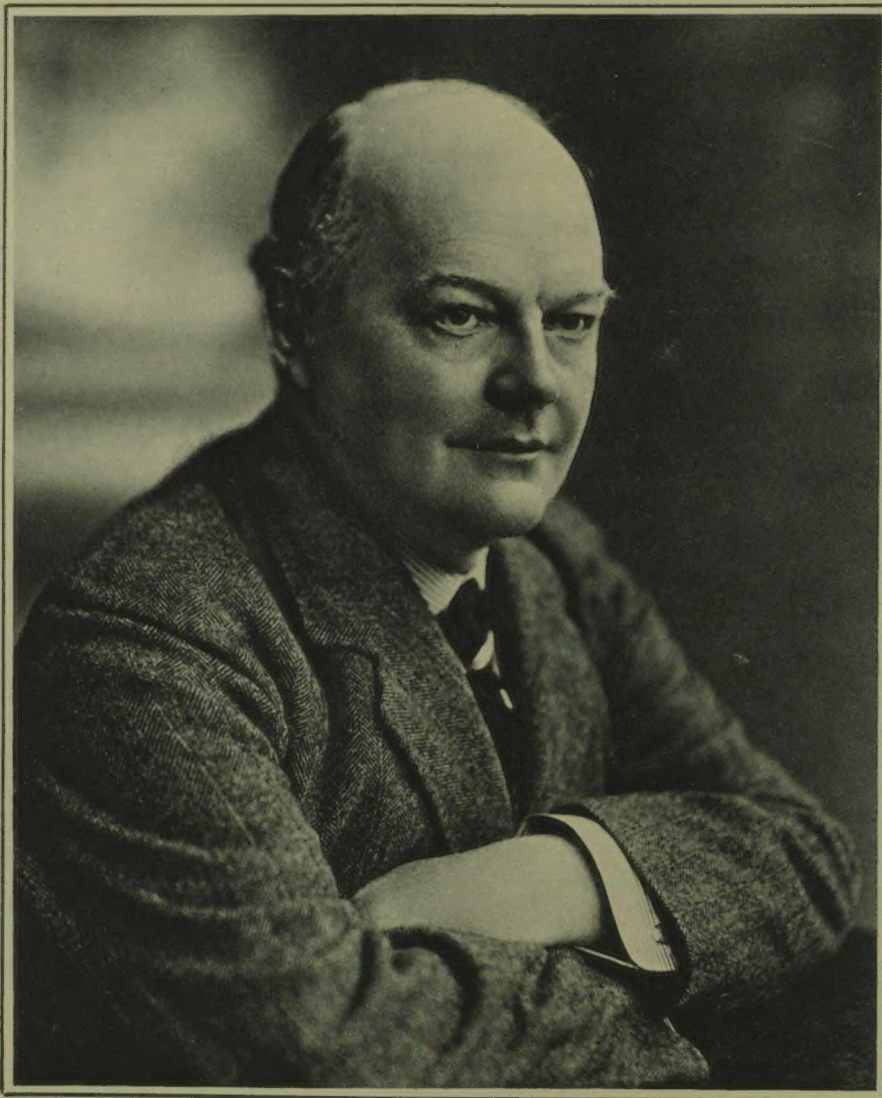
By G. K. CHESTERTON.

VERY few people seem to understand what is meant by converging proof. For it means that the real proof of a thing consists of five or six very different things; and the more different they are the more convincing they are. We see this in any good detective story—or rather, we do not often see it, because we do not often see a good detective story. It seems to me a fallacy in the average detective story that the detective is commonly described as having “a method.” He either studies footprints or is an expert on cigar-ashes, or relies on a special psychological theory, or uses all cases to illustrate a maxim, or refuses to do anything but sit in a chair and shut his eyes and work it all out by pure mathematics. I should not feel satisfied in hanging anybody until I had convicted him by all these methods, and not one of them. I suppose that the ancient and archetypal form of detective story is “Who Killed Cock Robin?” Here we have a series of independent testimonies, of very differing degrees of detail and probability, beginning with the confession of the criminal. But even a confession is not a conviction. And the counsel for the defence might very well raise certain technical objections, such as the rarity of bows and arrows in the possession of sparrows, the failure of the prosecution to prove the purchase of such a weapon, and so on. It would be bad enough to have to rely even on a series of improbabilities, such as the dish of the fish or the spade of the owl; but to have to trust to one of them by itself, however ingenious the story, would be still more unsatisfactory. And, whatever confidence we might feel in the fly with his little eye, we do not necessarily feel confidence in the theorist with his little theory. And, in reading the detective story, we feel even less confidence, because it is the very object of such a story to show that about six other theories can be made to fit it as well as the true one. When we have begun by joining the detective in suspecting six different people, we end by rather suspecting the detective. In some stories he knows too little about the truth, and in some too much. But in any case we suspect that, if he has a method, he has a monomania.

The ideal solution would be one that was made up of a cigarette-end, an intuition, a pulsimeter, a telegram, a dream, and a proposition of Euclid. I mean it would be better if all the converging proofs were on different planes and of different categories. The great difficulty of solving the great mystery stories of history is that we cannot check our solution by any of those other tests at once more accidental and more direct. It is all document against document, or, at the best, memory against memory. If this is so even for the serious historical student, it is still more so for the casual amateur and general reader like myself. Yet even here, within the limits of mere reading, I always feel this variety to be essential to proof. I can always believe a thing more easily if I have picked up five or six hints of it in general reading, than if I have read the most logical monograph by the most learned man. The learned man is too like the detective in the novel; the monograph may be a monomania. But if I, in reading this or that book merely for entertainment, have come upon fragments of fact that fit together into a new truth, that truth convinces me more than any conscious and elaborate argument that it is true. An example of the sort of thing I mean has recently come my way in the case of that perennially picturesque subject, Queen Elizabeth.

I have admired Queen Elizabeth in my boyhood and disliked her in my manhood, and I am now strongly inclined to believe that both the good Elizabeth and the bad Elizabeth are legends. I merely give the process as an example of the way in which totally disconnected things can come to be connected. First of all, somebody wrote a study of Elizabeth some years ago, based on a good deal of new material. It had no particular bias one way or the other on political questions, which really were (and always are) religious questions. Its tendency was simply to suggest one thing—that Elizabeth suffered from extremely bad health. This, so far as I knew, was probable enough in the light of other facts of common knowledge.

professed a passionate loyalty to Elizabeth and claimed to be rescuing her from wicked advisers. I had never taken much notice of this, supposing it to be the common legal fiction of Leaders of the Opposition. Many more or less constitutional rebels have fired off cannons at the King in the King's name. But something of impulse and candour in the language and conduct of these particular rebels, appearing when the story was studied in detail, made me strongly suspect that there was something in it. I began to have a dreadful suspicion that they meant what they said: a desperately baffling and bewildering idea in the history of conspirators.



THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR: THE RT. HON. SIR DOUGLAS MCGAREL HOGG, K.C., M.P., P.C., WHO HAS ALSO BEEN RAISED TO THE PEERAGE.

It was announced on March 28 that the King had approved the appointment of Sir Douglas Hogg as Lord Chancellor (in succession to the late Lord Cave, who died just after his resignation), and that his Majesty had also conferred on him a Barony of the United Kingdom. Sir Douglas has had a short but brilliant career in the House of Commons. He was first elected, for St. Marylebone, in 1922, and made his maiden speech from the Treasury Bench, as Attorney-General, an office which he has again held since 1924. In Parliament he had charge of the Electricity Bill, and the Trade Disputes Bill after the General Strike. He is the eldest son of the late Quintin Hogg, the famous founder of the Polytechnic, and was born in 1872. After some years in the West Indian sugar trade, he served in the South African War, and in 1902 was called to the Bar.

The Tudors seem to have been a family of crocks: Mary was sickly, and Edward died very young; and it would explain many things about Elizabeth and her mysterious marriage diplomacy. Anyhow, there the suggestion was, and it remained in my mind apart from all controversial matters.

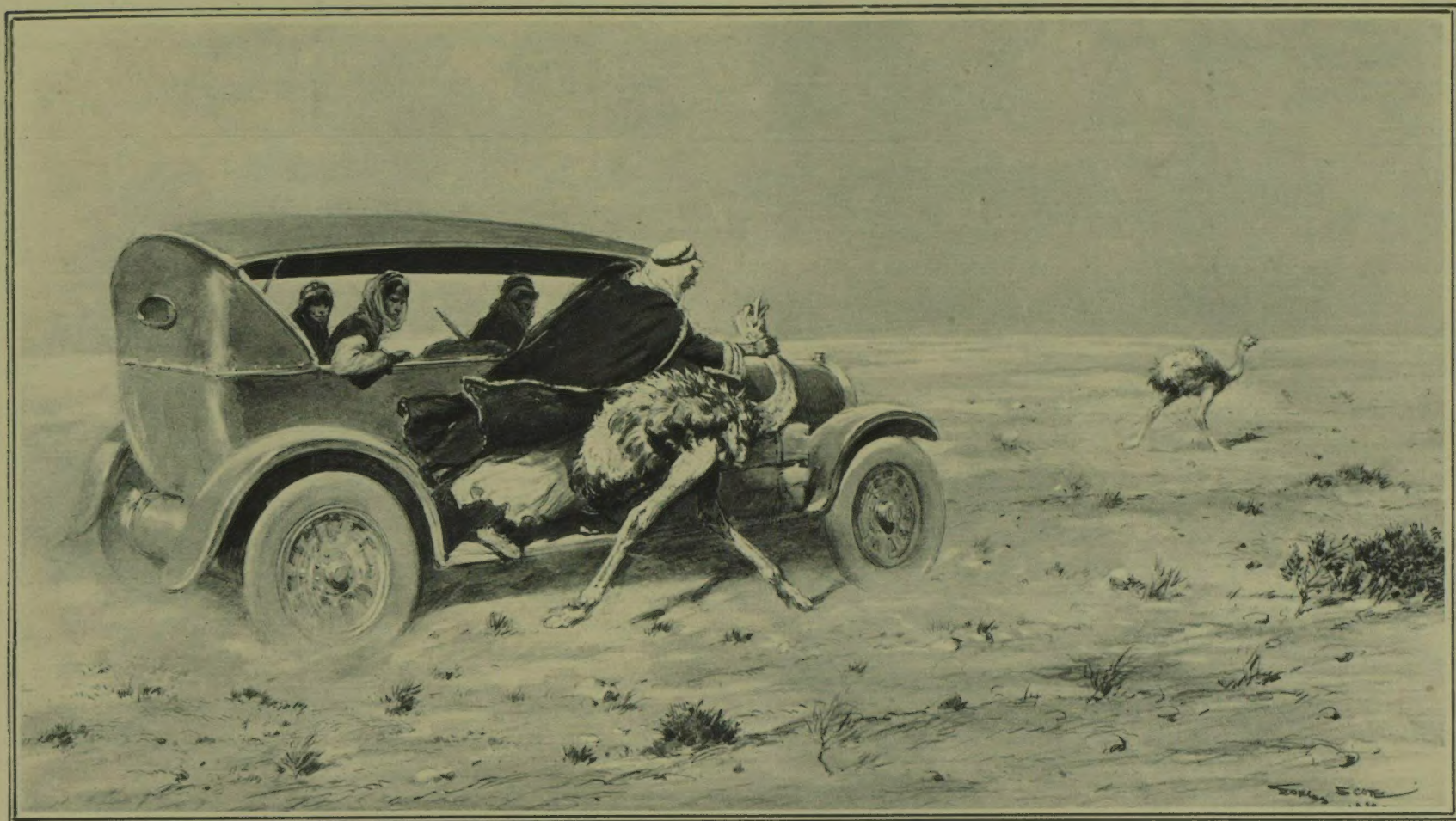
Then, some time afterwards, I read another book, about which I wrote something upon this page some time ago. It was a very interesting book, by a French lady, about Shakespeare and his friends, and especially about Southampton considered as the young man of the Sonnets. There were a great many points in it that were new to me, but especially the point about the popularity and justice of the Essex Rebellion. Essex and Southampton, the leaders of that revolt,

These two scraps of historical study had apparently little or nothing to do with each other. They were certainly produced by scholars who were in no sort of communication with each other. They remained separate even in my own simple and ignorant mind; but they remained there. Then Mr. Belloc, in a historical outline of the Reformation, suggested a view of Elizabeth almost as different from the popular Catholic as from the popular Protestant view of her. He suggested that she was something very like a State prisoner; that the real King of England was Robert Cecil, as the prince of the new group of plutocrats who had grown overpoweringly wealthy with the pillage of the Church lands. Here, again, I know too little to judge finally; but here again I knew several things already that did fit into the same framework. I knew, for instance, that even Mary Tudor, though powerful enough to burn heretics, was not powerful enough to restore Church lands. The new rich were evidently too strong for the Crown already. Again, I remembered old stories, told by Macaulay and other popular writers, about the privileges enjoyed by Cecil even in the presence of the Queen. Then appeared another historical inquiry apparently along quite another line. It concerned the character of James I.—or rather, of James VI., for it was mostly about his Scottish heritage and his relation to his mother, the Queen of Scots. They were not, to all appearance, very edifying relations. James is accused of having deliberately allowed his mother to die so that he could inherit her crown, and offering the graceful excuse that he disapproved of her theology. But, however this may be, the application here is that this reconstruction supported at every point the general view of Mr. Belloc about the relations of Elizabeth and Mary, and especially of Elizabeth and Cecil.

The new theory is substantially this: Elizabeth was not much more bitter against Mary than was natural under the circumstances; but Cecil absolutely insisted on the death of Mary and forced it upon everybody involved. And why? Why, there we come back to the first fact in this long string of seemingly disconnected facts. He wanted to be certain of the death of Mary because nobody could be certain of the health of Elizabeth. Elizabeth might die any time; and, if she died before Mary, Mary would be Queen—a Catholic Queen, a vigorous and popular Queen; a Queen perhaps threatening the new Lords in the only thing they cared about—money, or the secure possession of the old monastic spoils. That, right or wrong, is at least a theory that hangs together. But I mention it because it hangs on two or three totally different discoveries, as an example of converging proof.



## SPORT IN ODD GUISE: OSTRICH-HUNTING BY CAR; TROTTING AT NIGHT.



OSTRICH-HUNTING IN A CAR SPEEDING ACROSS THE DESERT: GRASPING A BIRD BY THE NECK BEFORE HAULING IT ABOARD.

The curious sporting adventure here depicted was experienced by Count P. Guerrini Malmignati, an ex-officer of the Italian cavalry, who is attached to his country's Consulate at Damascus, and his wife, who is English, while they were travelling in little-known Arabia at the end of last year, journeying in the oasis-lacking "desert of deserts" and in those sandy, stony, waterless plateaux which are above the level of the desert itself. On the occasion in question they were hunting with the Sheikh Midghem, and were using his car. Five gazelles had been shot, and the party were about to return, when the Sheikh saw six ostriches, birds most uncommon in the district. At once a chase began, a chase at great speed over ground that caused much bumping. The

race was long, for the birds ran swiftly, and the jolting of the car made it difficult to "draw a bead" on them. Finally, however, four of the ostriches fell to the guns. The other two sped on, but it was obvious that they were tired. Seeing this, the Sheikh cried: "We'll catch them alive!" and, by way of indicating the possibility, he pointed to the smoother ground in front. Then, jumping on to the running-board, he ordered the driver to go ahead. Before long the first bird had been grasped round the neck and hauled into the car, and a little later the same fate befell the other. Neither of the ostriches showed fight—surprise and cramped quarters subdued them—and in due course they were hobbled to tent pegs and were eating—like ostriches.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY COUNT P. GUERRINI MALMIGNATI. (COPYRIGHTED.)



TROTTING BY NIGHT IN GERMANY: A RACE ON THE SPECIALLY ILLUMINATED MARIENDORF TRACK, BERLIN.

Racing after mechanical hares, running, polo, Rugby football, lawn-tennis, cycling, have all been seen by artificial light; and the first-named, of course, is always with us, at Wembley and elsewhere. Now there is trotting; but

it is necessary to go to Germany to enjoy it under the new conditions. The chief attraction of the first meeting on the track at Mariendorf was the winning of the Frühjahrs-Ausgleich by Native Forbes.





#### BOLSHEVIST CHESS—"WORKERS" v. "ARISTOCRATS":

AN OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN ARMY (WHITE BISHOP); A CHURCH (WHITE ROOK); A WORKWOMAN (BLACK QUEEN); A WORKMAN (BLACK KING); AN ARISTOCRAT AND HIS WIFE (WHITE KING AND QUEEN); A HAMMER ON AN ANVIL (BLACK ROOK); AND AN OFFICER OF THE RED ARMY (BLACK BISHOP). Soviet Russia decided a while ago that the usual chessmen were not democratic enough: do they not include King and Queen, Bishop and Knight? The State then began to manufacture less dangerous pieces, some of which are here shown.



#### WHITENED TO SHOW THAT THEY ARE MARRIAGEABLE: BASUTO "BULLA" GIRLS.

When a girl in Basutoland is deemed to be of marriageable age, her body is daubed with white in the manner shown; and it is left thus coloured for several months. At night the girls conceal their faces by means of beads hung from head-bands, and march round the kraal, singing sonorously, and carrying forked sticks, which are held vertically.



#### REVOLUTIONARY INSCRIPTIONS ON CHINESE HILLS: PROPAGANDA OPPOSITE ICHANG.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph notes: "On the hills opposite the town of Ichang, the Chinese have cut an inscription. A translation follows. 'Down with All Imperialistic Countries. Complete all the Revolutionary Principles. Political Dept. of 6th Battn. No. 2 Army.—Cancel All Unequal Treaties. Political Dept. of 6th Battn. No. 2. Army.'" Ichang is one of the Treaty Ports.



#### SURELY THE STRANGEST WAY OF ENTERING PARADISE? A TEST "GATE" AT NARA, IN JAPAN.

Anyone who can squeeze through the hole in the column is entitled—so it is said—to enter Paradise! All that is necessary, apparently, is to visit Todaiji, Nara, which is some twenty miles from Kyoto, in Japan—and be slim!

## OUR UNFAMILIAR WORLD: CURIOSITIES BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



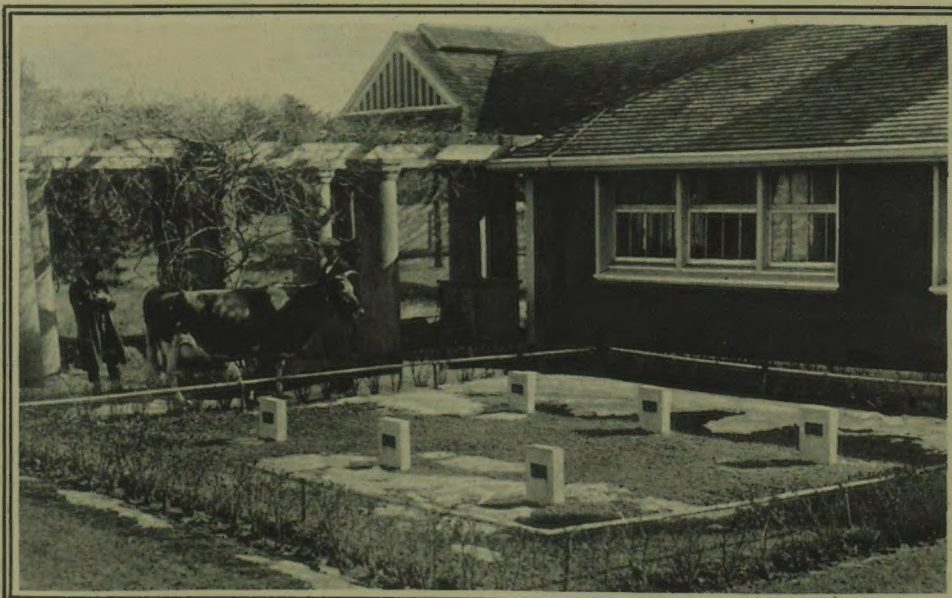
#### A FIJIAN BRIDAL PAIR: THE MAT-SWATHED GROOM AND BRIDE.

Both the bride and the bridegroom, a young Fijian Chief, were swathed in many yards of fine mat woven from long, split leaves, the first fold coming below the knees, and the "slack" of each subsequent ascending fold accumulating at the top, breast high. Round the waist was a broad girdle of dark tappa (bark cloth), with the final result that the dress of each was at least two feet across at the waist. The regulation position of the hands, folded in front, should be noted. The temperature inside this dress on a day of eighty-five degrees may be imagined. The groom had difficulty in putting a ring on his bride's hand, as their dresses kept the couple so far apart! The ceremony took place in a Wesleyan chapel.



#### SAVING THE POLICEMAN'S ARMS: A WICKER—"ARMED" TRAFFIC-DIRECTOR.

The policeman on traffic duty in Singapore has a white wicker "pair of arms" strapped across his shoulders in the manner here shown, and thus forms a sort of human semaphore. Instead of holding out a hand, the man turns his back on the line of vehicles he wishes to stop. There is a red reflector at each end of the "arm," to make it conspicuous at night.



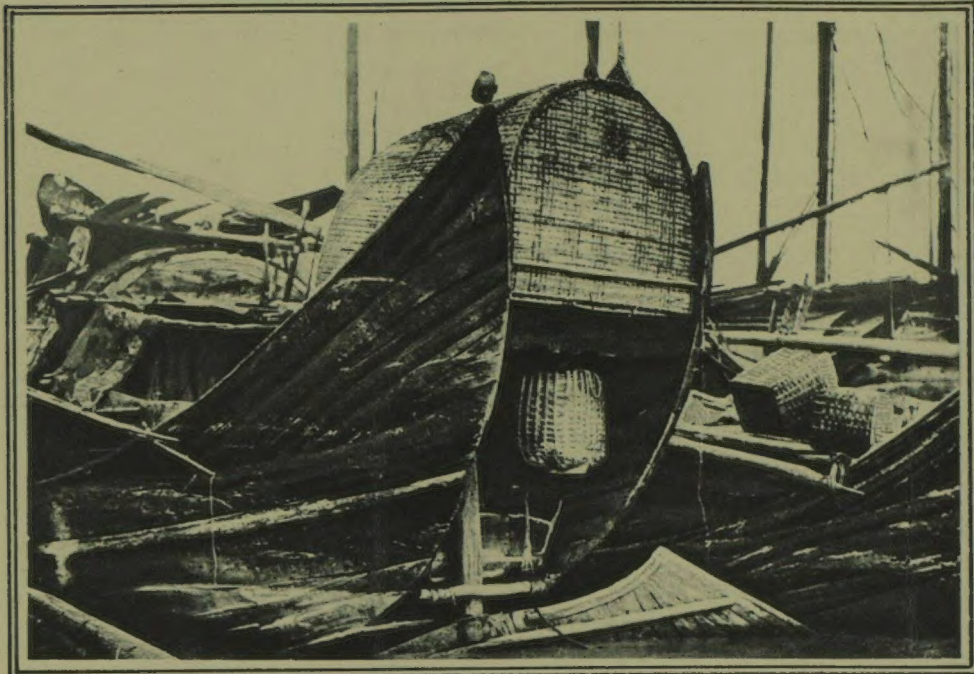
#### A CEMETERY FOR PRIZE CATTLE: THE GRAVEYARD OF LANGWATER FARM.

On Langwater Farm, Massachusetts, is this graveyard for prize cattle. Each burial-place has its tombstone, with a bronze tablet recording the beast's achievements; and gardeners keep the grounds in perfect order. One of the animals buried there is the famous Langwater Warrior, whose sons and daughters were sold for three hundred thousand dollars.



# OUR UNFAMILIAR WORLD: CURIOSITIES BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY COURTESY OF THE "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE," WASHINGTON.



HOW THE CHINESE KEEP ALIVE FISH FOR THEIR EATING: THE BASKET THAT IS LOWERED INTO THE WATER FOR "STORAGE."

When a boatman buys live fish out of a tub, from a market on land or from a passing fishing-boat he places them in a basket, which he lowers into the stream, thus keeping his food in "live storage." The balanced rudder should be noted. This has been used in the East for centuries, but was not known to Western navigators until comparatively recent times. In China the rudder is so balanced that a helmsman can steer with great ease a sea junk or river boat of any length up to 120 feet.



MILK-CARRYING TO HILL-TOPS IN INDIA: "CANS" THAT ARE BAMBOO TUBES—AND MAYBE MICROBE-CULTURE BEDS!

In this photograph, which more than suggests a mediæval episode, it is shown how milk is conveyed from the villages to the hill-tops and distributed to the residents of certain of the hill stations of India. The correspondent who sends us the picture adds to his notes: "It is needless to say that bamboo tubes may be microbe-culture beds." It is not difficult to agree with his comment in these days of the worship of cleanliness. What would Medical Officers say to such a contrivance!



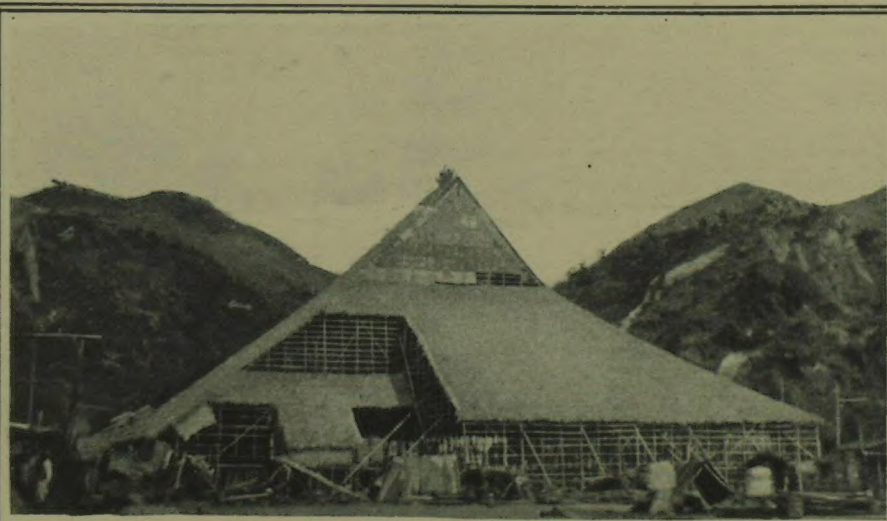
CANARIES BY THE SCORE AND THE BACK-LOAD: A MEXICAN BIRD-SELLER AND HIS STOCK ON THE WAY TO THE MARKET-PLACE.

Political complications are ever so rife in Mexico that the man-in-the-street may be pardoned if he thinks on occasion that Revolution is the chief industry of the country! There is another side, however; and here is a facet of it. The bird-seller is seen carrying his caged canaries to a corner in the market which is just off the Zocalo, the main public square. The Mexican, it may be added, is by no means unprosperous, and he is quite willing to spend ready cash on luxuries—from songsters to motor-cars.



THE PUNCH-AND-JUDY SHOW OF PERSIA: "TOBY" MAKES HIS APPEARANCE ON THE SCENE BEFORE CHILDREN AND GROWN-UP CHILDREN.

Here is the Punch-and-Judy Show of Persia. The characters are the same as those familiar in our own country, and there is the same story of domestic strife! In the photograph, "Toby" is shown making his appearance, as a preliminary to the introduction of "Punch" and "Judy." The man who works the puppets is, of course responsible for the speaking of the dialogue. As in England, a large proportion of the audience is composed of grown-up children, who are at least as amused as the youngsters. In the picture are veiled mothers.



A TRAVELLING THEATRE IN CHINA: AN AFFAIR OF BAMBOO POLES, LEAVES, AND MATTING, PROVIDING ACCOMMODATION FOR THOUSANDS.

This is a typical Chinese mat-shed theatre, as used by travelling theatrical companies. It is of bamboo poles, palm leaves, and matting, laced and tied together with cane strips. Not a nail is used. It is put up with astonishing celerity. The strength of such a mat-shed is wonderful, and it usually has a circus seating-accommodation for two or three thousand people. Fire is the danger.



FIVE GENERATIONS OF SERVANTS IN INDIA: A REMARKABLE GROUP—FROM GRANDMOTHER TO GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON.

This very interesting group shows some of Sir Logie Watson's servants at Cawnpore. There are five generations of them. The old woman says she is 115, but is probably 102 or 103. She has all her wits about her. The centenarian is in the centre of the group, with her son behind her; and also seen are two grandsons, four great-grandsons, and a great-great-grandson.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### LOVERS OF LIGHT AND OF DARKNESS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THOUGH my visits to the "Zoo" are no longer weekly, as they used to be, I never leave the Gardens without making an involuntary comparison between the methods of housing in vogue in the old days and those of to-day. The cost of upkeep is doubtless greater now, but the results are worth it. Not only has the housing vastly improved, but the latest resources of science are tapped to secure the most hygienic conditions possible for the inmates of the cages and paddocks. Nowhere is this more striking than in the new reptile-house, where, by means of "Vita-glass" and electric lamps, an illusion of sunshine is created even on the dulllest day. This light, however, is no mere simulation of sunlight: it actually diffuses the life-giving "ultra-violet" rays stolen, so to speak, from the sun itself.

Lizards, snakes, and crocodiles are here persuaded that they are basking in the sun, and by their increased liveliness show that, while living under this delusion, they are at the same time actually absorbing some of the most essential constituents of sunlight. All of us, surely, like to feel that captive animals are happy, and we derive no small pleasure in watching them bathed in this artificial sunlight: some of us even envy them, for we, like them, are sun-loving creatures. Nay, more; we not only love the sun, but need it; our well-being is dependent upon it, though we can—and have to—endure long periods with a minus quantity. I may, indeed, be told that for weeks on end we have no sun; but that is not really true, for so long as we have daylight we have sunlight.

That this is so will be realised as soon as we reflect that there are hosts of creatures which, strange though it may seem, shun the sunlight even of the dulllest day.

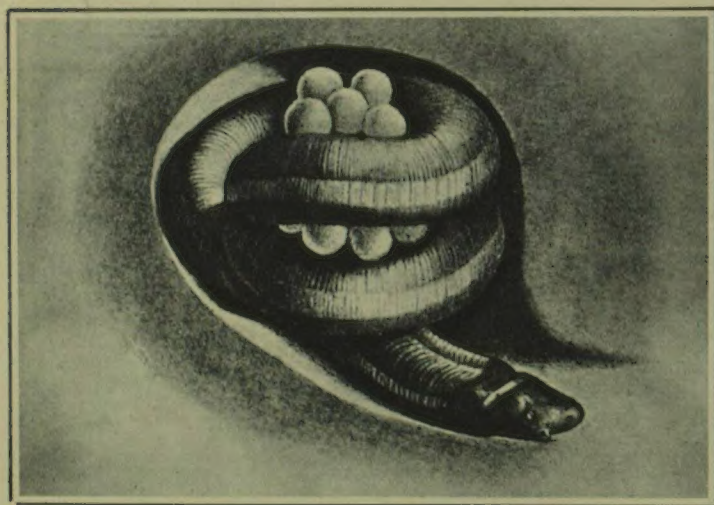


FIG. 2. AN UNDERGROUND COUSIN OF THE NEWTS, NOTED FOR PARENTAL CARE: A FEMALE *ICHTHYOPHIS* GUARDING HER EGGS WITHIN THE COILS OF HER BODY.

The snake-like *Ichthyophis*—one of the "Coecilians"—is a near relation of the newts; but it, and other species of this group, are creatures of the underworld. It has long been remarkable on account of its parental instincts, the eggs being carefully guarded by the female, who holds them within the coils of her body in a burrow.

The more we dwell on this fact the more "unnatural" it will seem to be. We find it as hard to understand as we do the Chinese love of dog's flesh and rotten eggs. Our standards of comfort and of diet are such as are pleasant to ourselves; those who differ from us we regard as eccentric, or revolting in their habits, as the case may be. We forget that these habits and tastes are inherent. Hence our wonder that there really are creatures which not only never have seen the sun, but hide from it.

Here, indeed, is a state of affairs worth pondering over. How is it, if sunlight is so vital to our well-being and to that of the hundreds of different creatures around us—how is it, I say, that there should be creatures of flesh and blood to whom such conditions

would be death? Moths and butterflies are near akin. The one is a sun-worshipper; the other never stirs abroad till darkness covers the face of the earth. Some, like the bats, prefer the soft, fragrant twilight, the "cool of the evening," which since the days of Adam men have loved.

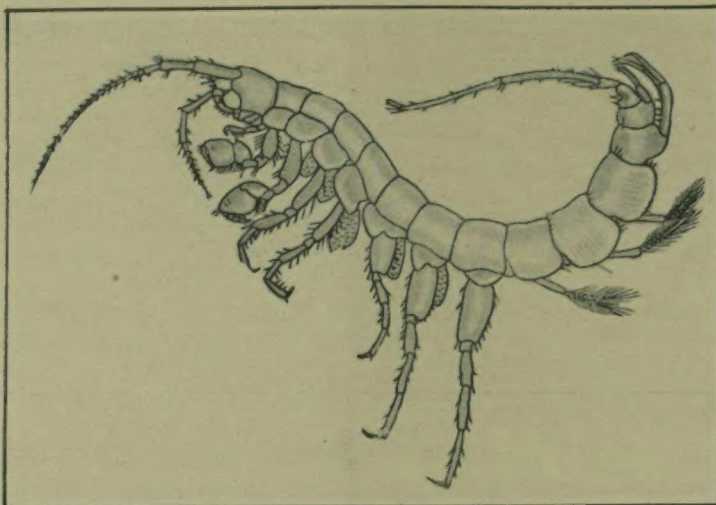


FIG. 1. THE WELL-SHRIMP: A CREATURE THAT HIDES FROM THE SUN IN WELLS OR DEEP WATER.

The Well-Shrimp (*Niphargus*) is sometimes taken from wells in the South of England. The creatures have made their way there from underground lakes and streams. Though it is hardly likely that these streams are in direct connection with Lough Mask, in Ireland, it is to be noted that the Well-Shrimp is also to be found there, but at great depths.

Dr. Arthur Willey, in describing the natural history of Ceylon, presents a very vivid contrast between creatures which, on the one hand, love the sun, and those on the other which shun it. The small island of Barbery, off the south-west coast, he tells us, is covered with coconut palms, which are shared, like the famous rooms of "Box and Cox," by hordes of crows and large fruit-eating bats known as "flying foxes." At dusk, with much noise, the crows, in immense numbers, come over from the mainland to sleep; and as they arrive the flying-foxes depart, leaving the island for the mainland in search of food. At sunrise the crows depart and the bats return, settling down in hordes, with much chattering and squabbling, to sleep away the hours of sunlight.

Here, in our England, we have as much evidence as we need of this strange contrast. We have many species of moths which not only never come forth save at night, but whose short life is limited to the winter months. Our bats and owls, mole-crickets, moles, and earthworms are all smitten with "photophobia." But more than this. Deep down in the bowels of the earth are huge underground caverns flooded with water, and these are all inhabited by creatures which love the darkness as we love the light. Several such caves are known in North America. Herein, among other creatures, live different species of crayfish, one of

which, *Cambarus pellucidus*, is shown here (Fig. 3), from the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. A species of the well-shrimp, *Niphargus* (Fig. 1), is not infrequently found in wells in the South of England. These creatures have made their way there from subterranean reservoirs and streams; whence, too, they have also been conveyed into Lough Mask in Ireland and many Swiss lakes.

The vast caves of Adelsberg, near Trieste, are celebrated as the home of a strange, blind, newt-like animal known as the "olm," or proteus. The river Poick, a mountain-stream usually of no great size, but a roaring torrent during the rainy season, disappears into the limestone hills, and, rushing through enormous stalactite grottoes, emerges several miles

further on into the open. In these caverns, deep down in utter darkness, and at such depths only, the proteus thrives. It is found also in the subterranean waters of Carniola, Carinthia, and Dalmatia.

Allied to these newt-like amphibians is another group known as the "Coecilians." Being limbless, they look to the uninitiated like small snakes. There are several species, and all, like the *ichthyophis* shown here (Fig. 2), are dwellers under the ground. The nether regions of the great oceans constitute another world where creatures of all kinds, from fishes downwards, spend their whole lives in inky darkness, miles below the surface; no light have they save the phosphorescence emanating from their own bodies. Bearing these facts in mind, one asks, and as yet in vain, how is it that, while to most creatures sunlight is absolutely essential to life, some have developed an antipathy to light and contrive to live where no single ray can ever penetrate? What changes in the tissues of their bodies have taken place to bring about so violent a contrast in the conditions of existence?

Finally, why is it that some of these creatures of the darkness, creatures which shun the sun of January and June alike, come so readily to the light of a lamp? The attraction of a candle for a moth is proverbial. The salmon-poacher knows the deadly effect of the lure of light from a lamp at night, though the salmon is no lover of the darkness. All these subterranean and night-loving creatures, it is to be remembered, have descended from light-loving ancestors.

What, then, are the causes which have led to this ability to thrive in darkness? Light in the world of sunshine would be as fatal to them as life in utter darkness would be to us. The snakes and crocodiles at the "Zoo" languish for lack of ultra-violet rays; admitting these through "Vita-glass," they thrive. To these creatures of the darkness such rays give death. Here is a mystery apparently insoluble.

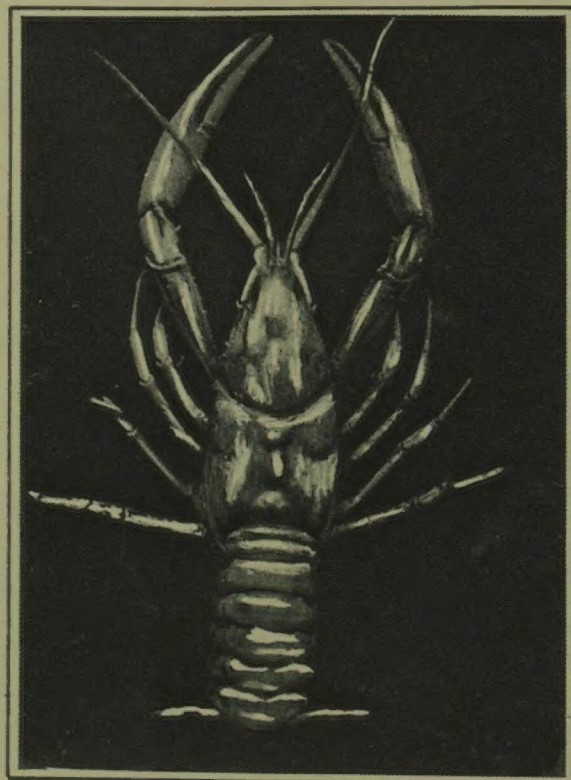


FIG. 3. A CREATURE OF DARKNESS, WITHOUT SIGHT OR COLOUR: THE BLIND CRAYFISH OF KENTUCKY'S UNDERGROUND LAKES.

The Blind Crayfish of the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, lives in vast underground lakes where no light ever penetrates. As a consequence of life under such conditions, the creature is blind and colourless.



# THE STORIED PAST OF INDIA : III.—SPLENDID BUDDHIST BAS-RELIEFS AND GOLD-WORK—A NEW DISCOVERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHEOLOGY IN INDIA.



CONTAINING A MINIATURE REPRESENTATION OF THE MONUMENT ITSELF, SHOWING ITS GENERAL APPEARANCE WHEN INTACT: A BAS-RELIEF FROM A BUDDHIST STUPA AT GUMMADIIDURU.

CONTINUING his series of articles on recent discoveries in India, Sir John Marshall writes: "Later by about 150 years than the first-century gold and silver objects from Taxila (illustrated in our last issue) is a splendid array of Buddhist bas-reliefs unearthed by Mr. Muhammad Hamid at Gummadiiduru, in the Kistna District of Madras, and a group of Buddhist monasteries, stupas, and pillared halls, of about the same age, at Nagarjunikunda in the Guntur district. The former are especially welcome additions to the extant monuments of early Buddhism, in that they belong to the Amaravati school of sculpture, which, from an artistic point of view, is the most attractive of all the early Indian schools, but has hitherto been represented almost exclusively by the well-known reliefs of Amaravati. The remains

[Continued in Box 2.]

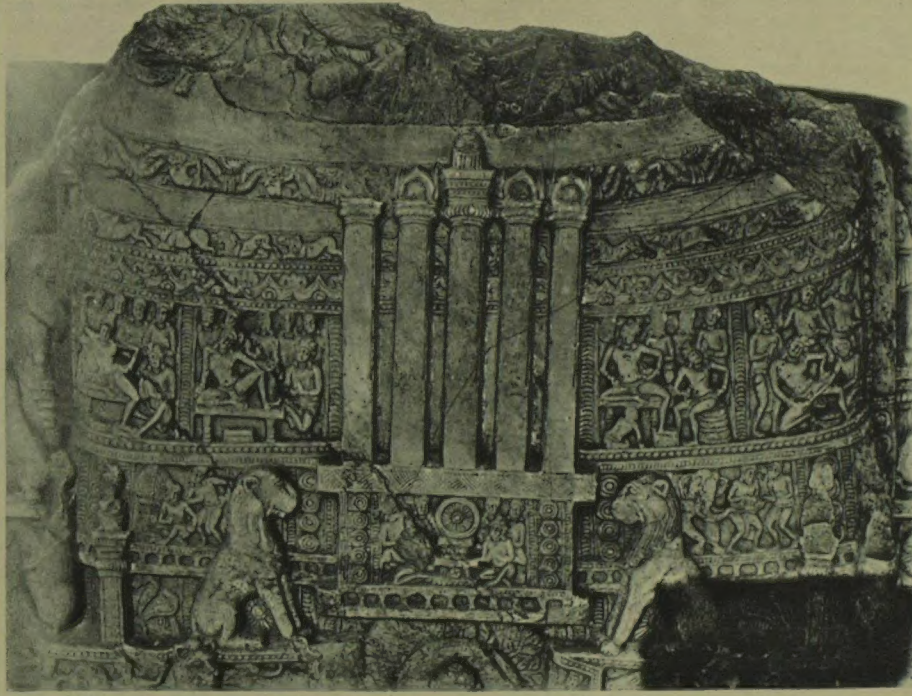
the life of the Buddha as well as from the Jataka stories. These miniature stupas in relief are no doubt copies of the great stupa which they serve to embellish. Besides sculptural remains, the recent excavations also brought to light three Prakrit inscriptions in Brahmi characters of the second and third century A.D., lead coins of the Andhra Dynasty, a damaged silver casket, and a gold necklace of pleasing design, which were found in an earthen pot inside the main stupa. That the stupa was in use for several centuries is shown by a collection of 127 clay seals inscribed with the Buddhist creed in Nagari characters of the mediæval period. At Nagarjunikunda, only trial excavations have so far been attempted. These revealed the existence of a stupa 76 feet in diameter with three retaining walls around the central structure and a group of five pillars guarding the entrances at each of the cardinal points. Some of these pillars bear long Brahmi inscriptions of considerable historic importance, which refer to certain rulers of the little-known Ikshvaku Dynasty, who must have ruled the Andhra country round the lower Kistna River during the second and third centuries A.D.; and they make mention also of the country of 'Vanavasa,' which in Ptolemy's Geography appears under the name of 'Banabasi.' From these same inscriptions it also transpires that the stupa was designated the Maha-Chaitya, and that it was consecrated by the deposit in it of a body relic of the Buddha himself. When the monument comes to be completely excavated, it is not unlikely that this relic may be recovered."



THE GREAT BUDDHIST STUPA AT GUMMADIIDURU: A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING SCULPTURED BAS-RELIEFS AKIN TO THOSE FROM AMARAVATI (IN THE SAME REGION) SOME OF WHICH ARE ON THE GRAND STAIRCASE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



INDIAN GOLDSMITH'S ART 1700 YEARS AGO: A GOLD NECKLACE FOUND IN AN EARTHEN POT IN A STUPA AT GUMMADIIDURU IN THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY. (SECOND TO THIRD CENTURY A.D.)



"ON THE DRUM OF THE STUPA ARE REPRESENTED MANY INCIDENTS FROM THE LIFE OF THE BUDDHA": WONDERFUL DETAIL ON ONE OF THE NUMEROUS SLABS OF SCULPTURED BAS-RELIEF ROUND THE PLINTH.

that have now been excavated at Gummadiiduru occupy an extensive plateau, and comprise, besides other structures, a large stupa, two small stupas, remains of monastic buildings, and other subsidiary edifices. The main stupa, of which only the basement has survived, is adorned with a series of reliefs in grey marble, like the stupas of Amaravati and Jagayyapeta. Of these reliefs, thirty-four have been recovered, each depicting a stupa relieved by horizontal bands of ornament and surmounted by the customary harmika railing, and umbrellas. On the drum of the stupa are represented many incidents from

[Continued in Box 3.]



A CORNICE SLAB FROM THE PLINTH OF THE GUMMADIIDURU STUPA: NEWLY FOUND RELIEFS SHOWING INFLUENCE OF THE GRECO-INDIAN SCHOOL OF GANDHARA (ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER), BUT OF A MORE DECORATIVE CHARACTER, AND ESSENTIALLY INDIAN IN SPIRIT.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE other day I met a new word—or rather, an old word with a new value, like a florin with a fresh design. Words are subject to sudden and arbitrary accretions of meaning bestowed by a sort of intellectual slang. I recollect when, years ago, the word "outstanding" suddenly acquired fresh currency in the literary market. The same thing has happened, more recently, with other words, such as "gesture" and "different." The source from which these old-new pieces issue is not so easily found as the Royal Mint, and hitherto I have never been able to remember which was the first example to come into my pocket. This time, however, I have nailed the innovation to the counter—and perhaps the innovator too—because the word was given the distinction of italics. It occurred in a review by Mr. Edward Shanks, who described "The Short Stories of H. G. Wells" as "one of the most certain contributions to English literature made in our time."

Mr. Shanks, I thank thee for that word, since unhackneyed epithets are scarce; it will save circumlocution, and facilitate the avoidance of clichés—at least until it becomes a cliché itself. Meantime, I feel perfectly justified in applying it to "A Book of Words": Selections from Speeches and Addresses Delivered between 1906 and 1927. By Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). Here, in oratorical form, is all the old magic of thought and phrase. The master's hand has not lost its cunning, and the book is as "certain" as a book can be.

Some words there are whose meaning is reshaped by events and changes in national thought. The word "empire," for instance, does not carry quite the same connotation to-day as it did when we first read "The Seven Seas." Mr. Kipling himself may have modified his earlier imperialism, though I doubt whether he often quotes the words of a brother poet—

Empires dissolve, and peoples disappear;  
Song passes not away.

Something of his later ideas on our national destiny is expressed in several of the war-time and post-war addresses in this new volume, such as "The War and the Schools," delivered at Winchester College in December 1915; "The First Sailor," to some junior naval officers of an East Coast Patrol in 1918; "England and the English," before the Royal Society of St. George in April 1920; "Work in the Future," at the Rhodes Dinner at Oxford in 1924; and "Shipping," at the Chamber of Shipping annual dinner in 1925.

It is in the last-named chapter that Mr. Kipling's argument is most cogent and practical. "This island of ours is a ship," he says. "Furthermore, H.M.S. Great Britain carries a passenger list, including stowaways, of forty-five millions, and there are never more than six weeks' supplies of consumable stores aboard her at one time. The balance must come by ship, and, if the shipping does not come, a fortnight would deliver us to panic indescribable, and three months would see us embarked on the gallant adventure of cannibalism." Touching on the future, in connection with the new wonders of aviation and wireless communication, he writes: "It will be possible for us now, as never before, to fuse our Empire together in thought and understanding as closely as in the interchange of men and things."

Mr. Kipling's book ends with his address, last autumn, at the dedication of a memorial to our Indian troops on the French front. "That witness to their honour and fidelity," he concludes, "we confide to France—to the age-old Power with whom, for a thousand years, we have been associated in the development and charge of the world's civilisation—which, together, we now guard!" Both France and England have lately welcomed the ruler of an Asiatic Power associated with our Empire's Indian border, and here I may fitly mention two books describing his dominions which make a timely appeal to English readers. One is "AFGHANISTAN OF THE AFGHANS." By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah. With twenty illustrations and a map (Diamond Press; 21s.). The author is one of the first Afghans, if not actually the first, to have been educated in this country, and he is, therefore, peculiarly well fitted to interpret the ways of Afghanistan to England.

As there is no mention of a translator or collaborator, I presume he has written the book himself in English, and, if so, I must compliment him on his mastery of our language. Nor is he unacquainted with its literature, for I find him quoting Tennyson and Longfellow. Perhaps he knows Matthew Arnold's poetic version of the legend of Sohrab and Rustum, which he relates in a chapter on Hero Tales. There does not seem to be much indigenous Afghan literature, though King Amanullah saw some Afghan books lately in the Bodleian. "These Afghan hero tales (we read) for the most part are from the Persian classics, though not

a few have been imported by Arabian travellers. . . . (They) are related by the older and unsophisticated men in the villages around the evening fires." It is interesting to learn that Queen Surayya's father, Mahmud Baig Tarzi, "in his leisure hours still keeps up his pursuit of writing fiction in his inimitable Persian style."

King Amanullah himself—who, of course, figures prominently in the book—emulates "the good Haroun Al Raschid," for when he is at home "he goes about disguised at night in the streets of Kabul to examine into the condition of life of the poorer people." He has instituted a new system of government and justice. "The Ameer himself is the supreme court of appeal, and, after the manner of oriental monarchs, H.M. Amanullah Khan has set apart a day in the week on which the humblest of his subjects can approach him. . . . The young King might indeed be called 'the Henry the Second of Afghanistan.'"

While the author touches on every phase of Afghan life—history, folk-lore, flora and fauna, religion, race movements, and so on—English readers will doubtless be most interested in his remarks on modern Afghan politics and foreign relations. Independence, he shows,

"in spite of his nationality, is full of admiration for the British in matters of colonisation and dealing with natives." It was in 1923 that Dr. Trinkler went out to Afghanistan, by way of Russia, as geologist to a newly-founded Afghan trading company. He returned through India, of which country he records enthusiastic impressions. He has an observant eye for detail and the picturesque, with a faculty for terse and vivid description, and a sense of humour. Perhaps he owes it to his translator that his sentences are pleasingly short, but anyhow his narrative is extremely readable, and full of interesting facts.

Dr. Trinkler must be allowed a little national bias. "German engineers," he writes, "are now making streets, and their architects are building the new town of Darulaman. A German medical mission superintends the hospital, and the celebrated German-Afghan company is trying to reorganise the administration and business of Afghanistan. A German and a French school have been founded. There were also Italians in the service of the Amir, but many of them left the country in the autumn of 1924. . . . The building of the new town has given rise to many differences of opinion. The majority of the inhabitants are against it, as it will cost a great deal of money, and the mullahs—the Mohammedan priests—use this argument while inciting in secret; they very much resent the fact that Europeans are now allowed into the country." Hence it may be inferred that King Amanullah has his work cut out when he goes home.

New books are mounting on my table into a formidable pile, recalling to mind another Eastern potentate of whom it is written—

Timur built his ghastly tower of eighty thousand human skulls.

If I haven't got actual skulls, I have the contents of many; and, measured in brain-waves, the total might run into millions. Having begun this review with the author of "Barrack Room Ballads" and "Soldiers Three," I may appropriately mention "THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH ARMY": The Problem of Its Duties, Cost and Composition. By Brevet-Major B. C. Denning, M.C., R.E. (Witherby; 10s. 6d.). Another notable work of military interest is "REPUTATIONS." By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. With Maps (Murray; 12s.), being studies, partly technical and partly biographical, of ten leading commanders in the Great War—Foch, Gallieni, Joffre and Pétain; Haig and Allenby, Pershing and Hunter Liggett; Ludendorff and von Falkenhayn. A very different atmosphere pervades "THE PRE-WAR MIND IN BRITAIN." An Historical Review. By Caroline E. Playne (George Allen and Unwin; 16s.). The author's point of view is apparent in the phrase—"nationalism, imperialism and jingoism, the three evil passions closely related."

In the department of travel also I will pick out a few books for brief but honourable mention. Asia provides three—"THE DRAGON AND THE LOTUS." By Crosbie Garstin. With numerous Line Drawings by the Author (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.); "CHINESE GHOULS AND GOBLINS." By G. Willoughby-Meade. Illustrated (Constable; 24s.); and "ADVENTURES IN ARABIA AMONG THE BEDOUINS, DRUSES, WHIRLING DERVISHES, AND YEZIDEE DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS." By W. B. Seabrook. With many Photographs, and Pen-drawings by A. G. Peck (Harrap; 12s. 6d.).

Out of Africa comes "ON THE TRACK OF THE VEILED TUAREG." An Account of these Mysterious Nomadic Warriors, whose Home is the Trackless Desert and whose History fades into the Far Past. By Dugald Campbell. With Illustrations and Map (Seeley, Service; 21s.). South Africa, Zanzibar, and North America form the background of "THREE JOURNEYS." By Viscountess Cave. With Forewords by the late Viscount Cave (formerly Lord Chancellor), and Appreciations of Sir Lloyd Mathews (of Zanzibar fame) by the Aga Khan and Sir Rennell Rodd. Illustrated (Thornton Butterworth; 15s.). The Aga Khan compares the work of Mathews in Zanzibar to that of Pottinger in Herat and Afghanistan.

Finally, from South America comes a startling book, with a startling name—"SCHIGGI-SCHIGGI." Adventures of Leo Parcus in the Forests of Bolivia. By Fritz Strauss. Translated by Arthur Chambers and F. A. Holt. With Illustrations and Maps (Hutchinson; 18s.). Schiggi-Schiggi, by the way, is nothing more alarming than a forest maiden (of a cannibal tribe) whom the adventurer "brought back to civilisation as his wife." Unfortunately, there is no portrait of her among the illustrations. As the Mikado said about a totally different matter—"There ought to be; but there isn't." C. E. B.



"AFTER THE CORRIDA": FAIR PATRONS OF THE SPANISH BULL-RING—THE NATIONAL SPORT IN WHICH "ARMOUR" PROTECTION FOR HORSES BECOMES COMPULSORY AS FROM THIS EASTER.

A Royal Decree was recently issued in Spain making it obligatory, at all bull-fights in larger towns, for the horses of the picadors to be protected by padded coats of the type tested experimentally last year. The new regulations come into force on April 7. They are the result of petitions by the Madrid Society for the Protection of Animals and Plants, and will tend to eliminate the sufferings to which the horses have hitherto been subjected.

After the Picture by Wynne Apperley, R.I., now owned by Don Ernesto Gonzales Gowlan, of Buenos Aires, the well-known Argentine patron of art.

is the national aim, and "Great Britain has no reason to fear undue Russian influence in Afghanistan." Russia, it appears, is not the only competitor. "At Kabul there is a German company which issues flamboyant pamphlets declaring that Germany is the best friend of Islam, that she stood by Turkey in the war, that she has no Mahomedan colonies, and incidentally, of course, that her machinery is the best in the world. These publications are printed in Persian. German engineers, doctors, and architects abound in Afghanistan. Indeed, the Teutonic influx dates from the Treaty of Friendship, as it is called, between Germany and Afghanistan, which was signed at Berlin in 1926."

This Afghan view of the Germans may be compared with a German view of the Afghans, as presented in a book entitled "THROUGH THE HEART OF AFGHANISTAN." By Emil Trinkler. Edited and Translated by B. K. Featherstone, F.R.G.S. With Map and forty-four Photographs by the Author (Faber and Gwyer; 15s.). The translator, in introducing his author, does him good service by disarming any possible prejudice. "Dr. Trinkler," he says,



# THE WORLD OF WOMEN:

# A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES.



MISS MARY SUTTON.

To travel aboard the semi-rigid airship, "B.S.R.1," when it attempts the Trans-Atlantic flight. Will look after the commissariat. Engaged to Captain Chambers, who will also be a member of the crew, and to marry him shortly.



LADY CURRIE, WINNER OF THE LADIES' ADJACENT HUNTS' RACE AT THE OLD BERKELEY AND R.A.F. POINT-TO-POINTS (RIGHT).

Lady Currie is here seen on her Blizzard; in company with Miss Eileen Greenlee on Stephen. She won by three lengths. Miss Audrey Kidston, on Black Bottom, was the second; and Miss Greenlee was the third. There were ten runners.



LADY HELEN McCALMONT.

Lady Helen McCalmont's Amberwave, which had been much fancied, was unsuccessful in the Grand National. Lady (Barbara) Helen Conyngham, younger daughter of the fourth Marquess Conyngham, married Major Dermot McCalmont in 1918.



LADY PATRICIA HERBERT.

Engaged to the Hon. William Henry Smith, eldest son of Viscount Hambleden, of the famous firm of W. H. Smith and Son. She is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, and "came out" a year or two ago. Mr. W. H. Smith, who was born in 1903, is the eldest of Lord Hambleden's three sons.



THE BELGIAN CROWN PRINCESS: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF BRABANT.

The Duchess of Brabant is the wife of the King of the Belgians' elder son, Prince Leopold Philip Charles, Duke of Brabant. She is the youngest daughter of Prince Oscar Charles William of Sweden, Duke of Vestrogotha. Her marriage took place in November 1926, and she has a baby daughter, born in October 1927.



MISS MARGOT FLEMING.

Engaged to Viscount Hardinge, who succeeded his father in 1924, and is an A.D.C. to H.E. the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in Canada. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fleming, of Wynyards, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, and Gloucester Place, London. The marriage is fixed for October, at Ottawa.



MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE.

Adopted as Liberal candidate for Anglesey at the next election. Nominated by the Anglesey Women's Liberal Association. The first ex-Premier's daughter to stand for Parliament.



MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.

Her seventieth birthday was celebrated recently by the Fabian Women. Mr. Webb is also seventy this year, and it is proposed to present a painting of them to the School of Economics.



MRS. M. PARTRIDGE.

Mrs. M. Partridge's Sprig ran in the Grand National, but was unsuccessful. The other women owners represented were Lady Helen McCalmont, Miss G. G. Thomson, and Mrs. J. Putnam.



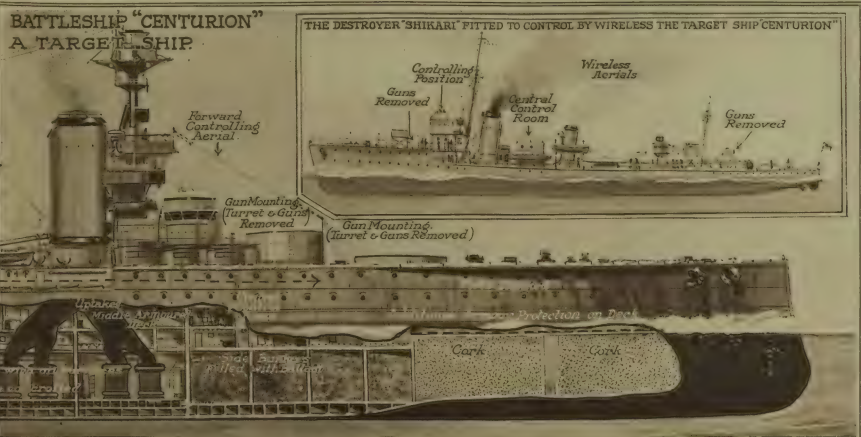
MISS MARGARET KENNEDY.

Author of "The Constant Nymph." Her short story, "The Game and the Candle," has just been published in booklet form. She is the wife of Mr. David Davies, barrister-at-law.



A REALISTIC "TARGET" FOR BRITISH NAVAL GUNNERY.

FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION. (COPYRIGHTED.)



H.M.S. "CENTURION," WITHOUT A CREW, GUIDED AS A "TARGET" BY THE "SHIKARI."

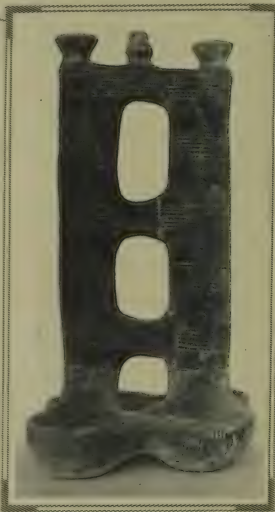
ships now appearing as smudges of smoke on the horizon. Meanwhile alard the firing ships the "spotting" officers are getting their range, and soon the mighty projectiles are on their 8½-mile journey. A few minutes later, near the target, great spouts of foaming water shoot up. Maybe the salvo is "over" (that is, too long). Instantly the captain of the target gives a command to the operator behind him. Keys are pressed, and fresh signals are flashed to the "Centurion." The controlling airdale take in the message, and wonderful gear inside the ship sends the order in electrical waves to the rudder-motors and engines. Speed is increased, possibly, and the ship turns outward, lengthening the range, as the captain assumes that the previous salvo was too short. The "Centurion" is now firing again. The operator behind the target is now getting the message from the "Centurion" for inspection. Thus our Naval experts gain valuable information and gunners obtain realistic practice against a target that maneuvers as in war, and without danger to life. Though other countries use similar methods, it is claimed that the system devised for the "Centurion" is the simplest and most effective. Should her controlling airdale be shot away, she will steam on for a short time and then safety devices automatically stop her engines.



## WHEN DID THE GREEKS COLONISE CYPRUS?

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ARTICLES BY DR. EINAR GJERSTAD, LEADER

A SWEDISH archaeological expedition, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden, has been working in Cyprus since October last. The excavations were undertaken to throw light upon the part played by Cyprus in the history of culture as a connecting link between the Eastern and Western civilisations, and to fix the kind and the degree of the Greek culture in the island. We chose two places for our excavations, Lapithos on the north coast, and Karavostasi, the ancient Soli, on the west coast. In Soli, an Athenian colony and next to Salamis the largest city of Cyprus, we hoped to find the historical connections between Greece and Cyprus most clearly marked. For the study of the Cypriote prehistory one would expect the best results to be produced by excavations on the north coast, since this coast seems to have been exposed to the first touch of the two events that were of the greatest importance to the prehistoric development of Cyprus. These two events were: (1) the introduction of the Copper Age culture, about 3000 B.C., by ravaging hordes from Asia Minor; and (2) the colonisation of the island by the Achaean Greeks



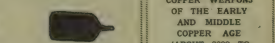
A CULT VESSEL OF THE MIDDLE COPPER AGE: AN OBJECT OF THE TYPE FOUND IN THE "ROYAL" TOMBS AT LAPITHOS (C. 2200 B.C.).



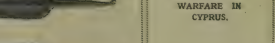
A GOLD PENDANT FROM A WOMAN'S GRAVE AT LAPITHOS DATING FROM THE EARLY IRON AGE (C. 900 B.C.).



A GOLD PLAQUE WITH A FIGURE OF A GODDESS ABOVE A ROSSETTE: A HEAD ORNAMENT FROM A WOMAN'S TOMB.



A GOLD PLAQUE (WITH A FIGURE OF A GODDESS) FROM AN EARLY IRON AGE TOMB AT LAPITHOS (C. 900 B.C.).



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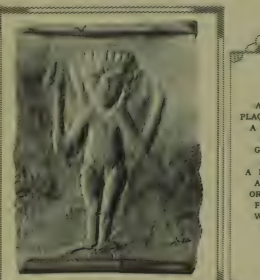
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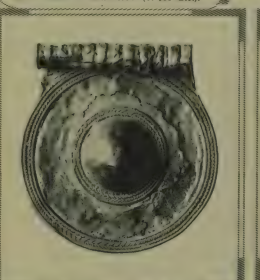
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## EVIDENCE IN REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES.

OF THE SWEDISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN CYPRUS.



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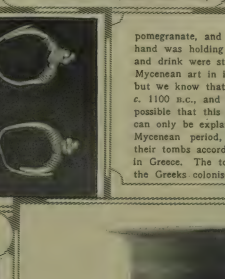
A GOLD PLAQUE (WITH A FIGURE OF A GODDESS) FROM AN EARLY IRON AGE TOMB AT LAPITHOS (C. 900 B.C.).



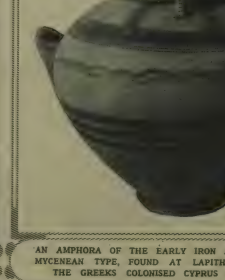
A GOLD PLAQUE WITH A FIGURE OF A GODDESS ABOVE A ROSSETTE: A HEAD ORNAMENT FROM A WOMAN'S TOMB.



A GOLD PLAQUE WITH A FIGURE OF A GODDESS ABOVE A ROSSETTE: A HEAD ORNAMENT FROM A WOMAN'S TOMB.



A GOLD PLAQUE WITH A FIGURE OF A GODDESS ABOVE A ROSSETTE: A HEAD ORNAMENT FROM A WOMAN'S TOMB.



A GOLD PLAQUE WITH A FIGURE OF A GODDESS ABOVE A ROSSETTE: A HEAD ORNAMENT FROM A WOMAN'S TOMB.



"IDENTICAL WITH MYCENAEAN CHAMBER-TOMBS IN GREECE, THOUGH SMALLER": THE ENTRANCE TO AN EARLY IRON AGE TOMB IN CYPRUS: ONE OF THE EXCAVATIONS THAT DATES THE GREEK COLONISATION.

theory that Cyprus was colonised from Asia Minor in the Early Copper Age. This archaeological evidence, however, must be supplemented by that of anthropology, and the human skulls found in the tombs, and now kept in plaster for future anthropological examination, will supply the necessary material. The excavation of the Early Iron Age tombs has brought us near the solution of the other main problem of Cypriote prehistory: the Greek colonisation of the island. Already the shapes of the tombs indicate that Greeks must have been buried in them; they are identical with the Mycenaean chamber-tombs in Greece, though of a smaller size. Moreover, the finds themselves afford evidence of the Mycenaean tradition, both the pottery and the gold. In one tomb was buried a woman with a rich collection of jewellery. Her head-dress was covered with gold; six roundels, three Mycenaean stamped rosettes, and five rectangular plaques with impressed ornaments, representing a naked goddess with uplifted hands and a head of the same goddess. Another woman in another tomb had a similar head-dress decorated with four plaques with stamped ornaments representing a naked goddess on a rosette. In her ears she had double earrings; the girdle was fastened by two pins, one with a golden head in shape of a pomegranate, and the other with an amber head; both the hands had finger-rings, and the left hand was holding an ivory comb with carved ornaments. The beautiful pottery, in which food Mycenaean art in its latest stage. No doubt, then, Mycenaean Greeks were buried in these tombs, but we know that the Mycenaean culture in Greece disappeared at the end of the Bronze Age, c. 1100 B.C., and that at the same time the Mycenaean tomb-type disappeared. How is it, then, possible that this tomb-type appears in Cyprus in the Early Iron Age, c. 200 years later? This can only be explained by the supposition that the Greeks colonised Cyprus before the end of the Mycenaean period, brought their own tomb-type with them to the island, and continued to cut their tombs according to the traditional scheme, even after the Mycenaean culture had disappeared in Greece. The tombs in Lapithos, consequently, are a sure and final archaeological evidence that the Greeks colonised Cyprus before 1100 B.C.

EINAR GJERSTAD.

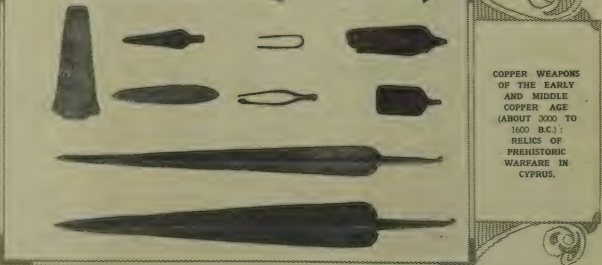
THE SHAFT OF AN EARLY COPPER AGE TOMB IN CYPRUS, WITH THE DOOR-SLABS IN SITU: A FORM OF BURIAL SUGGESTING THAT CYPRUS WAS COLONISED FROM ASIA MINOR AT THAT PERIOD (C. 3000 B.C.).

at the end of the Bronze Age, about 1200 B.C. How far have our hopes of clearing up these main questions of Cypriote prehistory been realised? We have opened and examined twenty-three tombs from the Early and Middle Copper Age, c. 3000-1600 B.C., and twenty tombs from the Early Iron Age, 1000-800 B.C. Of the tombs of the Early and Middle Copper Age, two constitute the *diak*: one seems to have contained the bodies of members of the warrior-aristocracy of Lapithos, c. 2000 B.C.; while the other, dated at c. 2200 B.C., must be considered as a royal tomb. In the "Tomb of the Nobles" a splendid collection of 133 copper weapons was found. The warriors had in their hands swords, 60-70 cm. long, and had been able to present to their wives Egyptian necklaces of paste beads. In the "royal tomb" four finger-rings of gold were found close to the finger-bones of one skeleton—the first gold of this early period ever found in Cyprus. This tomb also contained an imposing collection of weapons and many interesting cult vessels, which absolutely distinguish this tomb from the others, and seem to show that a person of equal importance in war and religion—i.e., a king—was buried there. These are the grand tombs, but the tombs of a more common type have also given us most valuable material for the reconstruction of early Cypriote history. The study of this material seems to confirm the current

(Continued opposite.)



A COMPOSITE VESSEL OF THE EARLY COPPER AGE: A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF PREHISTORIC CYPRIOTE CRAFTSMANSHIP FROM LAPITHOS.



COPPER WEAPONS OF THE EARLY AND MIDDLE COPPER AGE (ABOUT 3000 TO 1600 B.C.): RELICS OF PREHISTORIC WARFARE IN CYPRUS.



A CULT VESSEL DATING FROM THE EARLY IRON AGE (1000 TO 800 B.C.): AN EXAMPLE OF CYPRIOTE POTTERY THAT AFFORDS EVIDENCE OF A MYCENAEAN TRADITION.

GOLDEN EAR-RINGS OF THE EARLY IRON AGE (1000-800 B.C.): PART OF A CYPRIOTE WOMAN'S COLLECTION OF JEWELLERY OF MYCENAEAN TYPE.



A CULT VESSEL OF THE EARLY COPPER AGE: AN OBJECT OF THE KIND THAT DISTINGUISHES A KING'S TOMB FOUND AT LAPITHOS.



AN AMPHORA OF THE EARLY IRON AGE (1000-800 B.C.) OF MYCENAEAN TYPE, FOUND AT LAPITHOS: EVIDENCE THAT THE GREEKS COLONISED CYPRUS BEFORE 1100 B.C.



"THE BEAUTIFUL POTTERY, WITH FOOD AND DRINK FOR THE DEAD, HAS MYCENAEAN SHAPES": AN EARLY IRON AGE WATER-JAR.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## AN ACTOR'S ACHIEVEMENT.—A YOUNG PLAYWRIGHT AND TECHNIQUE.

THERE is a common saying in the World of the Theatre, "It will be all right on the night," which has become a kind of fetish; and there is another, not so often used but equally true: "The theatre is the realm of miracles." It is of one of these miracles that I would speak. We were on the eve of the Ibsen Festival. Three armies were ready for the fray. "The Wild Duck," with Sybil Arundale, under command of Sidney Bland; "Ghosts," with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and John Gielgud, led by Peter Godfrey, of the Gate Theatre; "An Enemy of the People," with Franklin Dyall (as Stockmann) and Hubert Harben, and Robert Atkins as producer. The reports from headquarters were excellent; the spirits of the troops were buoyant; the plan of campaign developed steadily—"it would be all right on the night"—three victories in sight. Just nine days before the production of the "Enemy," the bolts began to fall from the blue. A leading actress sailed for America, *sans adieux*; Franklin Dyall, owing to a failure elsewhere, had to produce a new play—could not act for us; daily one or two of the actors fell out owing to other engagements; at last—the *coup de grâce*—Robert Atkins, willing to learn the immense part, had a call to Glasgow, and could not find time either to play or to produce. We found ourselves with three or four actors left, with ten parts unfilled, with crowds of people—for the famous fourth act—totally unrehearsed. What were we to do? Give up? Never! But how carry on with such a play, with such numbers yet uncast, with the part of Stockmann—as long as Hamlet unexpurgated—vacant?

Then happened miracle number one. Rupert Harvey, who with Mr. Harben and Miss Ann Trevor stuck to us—for which great relief we were deeply grateful in our despondency—suddenly said: "I played Stockmann some years ago at a Bristol Repertory Theatre." "Hurrah! Will you do it now—will you save us from disaster?" "Yes," he said, without hesitation, "and I will produce, too. It will be the devil of a job, but we will get through." By that time there were but eight days left. Telephones, wires, cabs were put in action; the crowds were collected from academics and teachers; piecemeal rehearsals went on morning, day, and night; Harvey, ever to the fore, never knew rest or sleep; when he was not rehearsing, he was memorising his "pill"—containing, if you please, that immortal speech in the fourth act which lasts half an hour by the clock, and contains as many words as would fill two Parliamentary columns of the *Times*. Our anxiety was great, for the box-office was besieged; the ball had to open on March 26 at Wyndham's. Postponement would have been fatal—to the occasion, to prestige, to revenue. By the Friday of that week, after five days' rehearsal, Harvey said, like Joffre in his time: "I'm nibbling—I am satisfied." We had to wedge in the dress-rehearsal on Sunday, the 25th, the day before the performance; how would it all pan out on the stage after the preliminary canter in a rehearsal-room? Still our anxiety was great. But Rupert Harvey, imperturbable, merely smiled. He, like Mr. Pim, knew—he knew! Punctually at 10.30 the curtain rose on the dress-rehearsal. A few of us Ibsen devotees sat in the stalls, our hearts still heavy with fear and doubt.

But miracle number two happened. The play began, and from the first we became apprised that there was no need to worry. Smoothly the action glided over the footlights; every man and woman was in the right place; the speeches, to be measured by the ell, rippled from the actors' lips as if they had been born with their parts; the prompter had nothing to do but to listen, never to whisper; the crowds worked like clockwork, behaved as humanly as crowds do in spontaneous commotion; then came Stockmann's speech—that speech which ere this has overtaken the

memories of the most accomplished actors—the longest oration in all dramatic literature. Harvey never faltered. From the first he delivered it, not like an address learned by heart, but in that intuitive way which is the gift of all true orators; and whereby the word gains in weight by the spontaneity of the spur

and carried Atlas's burden. Next day—*der Tag*—was one of triumph for all concerned; it was writ large in all the papers; but neither the critics nor the public perceived, nor could conceive, that there would have been no "Enemy of the People" but for the gigantic achievement of one man—Rupert Harvey—to whom I and my collaborator, Miss Sybil Arundale, as organisers of the Ibsen Festival, hereby pay a tribute for all the world to know.

If Lady Constance Malleon's play, "The Way," was not all that the author and some who had read the manuscript hoped for, it proved, at any rate, a very instructive object-lesson to the aspirant, as well as the critics. Incidentally, it also confirmed the old saying that no play can be judged until it is acted. When perusing the script, the imaginative mind may visualise great possibilities; and yet, when the story and the characters are plasticised by the living actors, the effect may be totally different from the impression in the study *à travers* a single temperament. Undoubtedly, in type, the study of four people's love affairs and love struggles would seem fascinating, for Lady Malleon has a certain air of penetration: she sees her people beyond the surface; she allows to every one of them an individuality as she pictures them in her own mind; and, poetic by instinct, she leavens her dialogue with imagery and symbols which, whispered to oneself, are not devoid of fancy or of felicity of wording. But what happened when actors spoke those words, tried to render those characters concrete, endeavoured to lay bare the souls of their four conflicting natures? A strange manifestation of unreality, or artifice, of situations most seriously intended, yet bordering on such improbability that even the earnest, friendly audience of listeners now and again broke into titters.

I have tried to find a cause, and, for once, I have to admit that, if the play did not strike home, it was not so much the unlikelihood of the individual characters, but the author's inability to endow them with such vitality as conveys verisimilitude. I should say that at first Lady Malleon, when the story and the people germinated in her imagination, intended to mould them into a novel. But the stage tempted her, and so she set to work to dissociate, as it were,

the action and the people in order to force them into the compass of scenes and acts. And it was in this process, this forcing of circumstances and thoughts, that her inexperience betrayed her. Stage technique not only demands the power of construction, but, above all, the instinct to move the characters about, in order to avoid monotony, unless the author is such a master of characterisation—as for instance, Ibsen—that long duologues never let attention flag. But this ability to create movement on the stage is a very tricky business: if dexterously handled, the onlooker never notices the mechanism; if otherwise, each time a character enters or exits there is not only a jar, but the hearer detects the artificiality and begins to scrutinise motives, cause, and reason. This was the case in Lady Malleon's play, and to such a degree that the characters became so deeply enmeshed in the faulty mechanism of their manœuvring, that they lost their inwardness, lost their logic, let their actions—most seriously intended; aye, maybe, profoundly thought out—become so fixed that we lost belief in them. And when the playgoer ceases to believe in what the author tries to represent, his cause is lost. The object lesson, then, of Lady Malleon's first effort is that before she gives another play to the stage, and thereby risks disappointment, she should study technique, or submit her work to a more practised hand to mould her material into the only form that tells across the footlights—namely, plausibility. Let her learn her *métier* and, endowed as she is, the rest will follow.



A "ROMEO AND JULIET" OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES: TONY SLACK (MR. BASIL HOWES) AND JEAN MACDONALD (MISS JOAN LOCKTON), SON AND DAUGHTER OF RIVAL LUMBER MAGNATES, PLIGHT THEIR TROTH IN "LUMBER LOVE" AT THE LYCEUM.

of the moment. It was masterly as well as amazing. The few hearers rejoiced in gratitude and felicitations to the man who had been the true friend in need



A CANADIAN "ROMEO" TURNED "TOUCHSTONE": TONY SLACK (MR. BASIL HOWES, LEFT), DISGUISED AS A "BUGHOUSE," UNSELFISHLY HELPS JEAN (MISS JOAN LOCKTON, RIGHT) WHEN SHE TRANSFERS HER AFFECTIONS TO PAUL LEVAUX (MR. JAMIESON DODDS), IN "LUMBER LOVE," AT THE LYCEUM.

"Lumber Love," at the Lyceum, is an all-British musical comedy—that is, written, composed, and produced by Britons—in a setting of the Canadian Rockies. The plot concerns the enmity of two rival lumber magnates, William Slack and John Macdonald. William's son, Tony, becomes engaged to John's daughter, Jean; but when Jean goes to the lumber camp to carry out a deal that will save her father from ruin, she meets a friend of her childhood, named Paul Levaux, a "lumber jack," and transfers her heart to him. Tony, who, unknown to her, has followed her disguised as a "bughouse" (harmless lunatic) magnanimously effaces himself.



## THRILLS OF THE AIR WAR ON THE SCREEN:

"WINGS": A NEW FILM AT THE CARLTON.



GERMAN TROOPS SCATTERING ON THE APPROACH OF A BOMB-DROPPING ALLIED AEROPLANE: A SCENE FROM "WINGS," THE NEW FILM OF THE GREAT WAR, RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE CARLTON THEATRE.



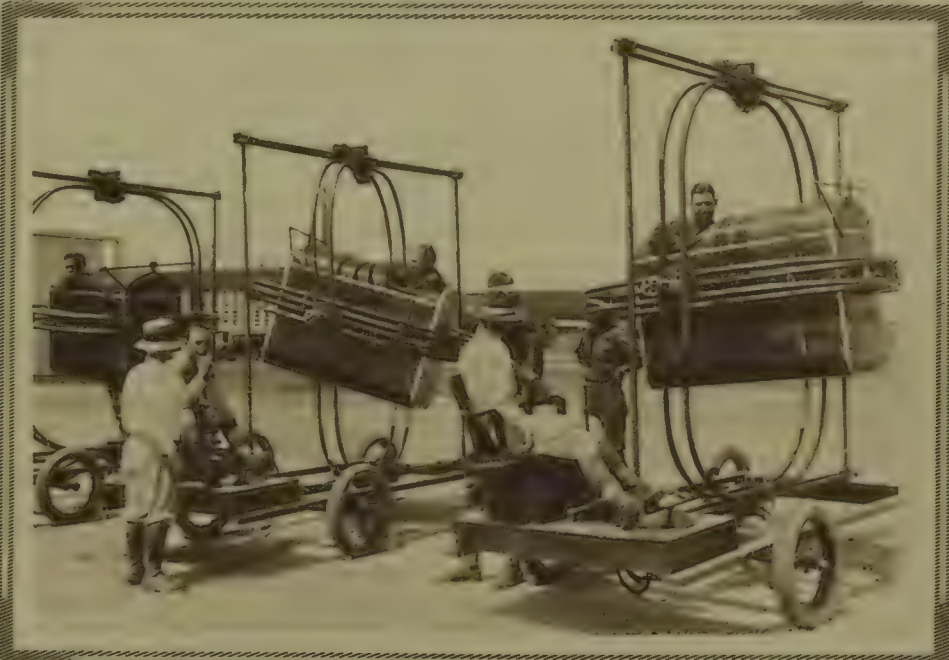
THE TRAGIC CLIMAX OF "WINGS": DAVID, RETURNING IN A GERMAN PLANE WHICH HE HAS SEIZED, IS MISTAKEN FOR AN ENEMY, AND BROUGHT DOWN BY HIS FRIEND JACK.



THE BOMBING OF A FRENCH VILLAGE BY A BIG GERMAN "GOTHA" (SEEN ABOVE IN THE AIR): A REALISTIC SCENE OF BURSTING BOMBS AND WRECKED BUILDINGS.



THE SEQUEL TO THE SCENE SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION: THE "GOTHA" (BURNING ON THE GROUND AMID A JUBILANT CROWD) BROUGHT DOWN BY AN AMERICAN AIRMAN (SEEN FLYING OVERHEAD).



TRAINING IN AN AMERICAN AVIATION CAMP DURING THE WAR: BUDDING PILOTS IN DUMMY "COCKPITS" RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN HANDLING AEROPLANES.



A CRASH INTO BARBED WIRE ON THE FRONT LINE: A THRILLING INCIDENT IN "WINGS," IN A SCENE VIVIDLY REPRESENTING THE DESOLATION OF "NO-MAN'S LAND."

Tragic scenes of air fighting in the Great War—aeroplanes bombing troops and villages, or sent crashing to the ground in aerial combats, and anti-aircraft guns in action—are vividly reproduced in the new Paramount film entitled "Wings," which Londoners can now see at the Carlton Theatre. Interwoven with the war episodes is a pathetic personal romance. It opens in a little town in America, and shows the rivalry of Jack Powell and David Armstrong for the love of the same girl. Both the young men join the American Air Force, qualify as pilots,

and become fast friends, receiving together their baptism of fire. Just before a big advance they quarrel, and David goes up with a premonition of disaster. He crashes, but escapes with his life. Jack believes him dead, and, remorseful over the quarrel, resolves to avenge him. The air battle is now in full swing; planes are crashing and observation balloons are destroyed. Meanwhile, David has found a vacant German aeroplane, and starts to return in it to his own lines, but is brought down by Jack, who, of course, thinks it is an "enemy."



## "Never Sit Dull": Dunsterville—from Snider to Gas.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF  
**"STALKY'S REMINISCENCES": By L. C. DUNSTERVILLE.\***

(PUBLISHED BY JONATHAN CAPE.)

THOSE who think that "Stalky's Reminiscences" are valuable and entertaining chiefly as a contribution to Kiplingana, are hereby informed that they imagine vain things.

Number 264 in the list of boys joining the United Services College, Westward Ho, is seen as the fertile-brained, precociously mature "Gig-lamps," scornful

introduction to the current military etiquette; and numerous fines paid in port! "On returning to the ante-room after parade one day, a friend remarked with surprise that he had noticed that I had broken the point off my sword. I at once drew it to show him he was wrong, and so learnt that you must not draw your sword in the ante-room (a wise precaution from

the old duelling days). The large amount of Port-wine I had to pay for as a punishment made this lesson easily remembered. Three more occasions on which I had to stand the whole Mess Port-wine were when I spoke of some religious matter, when I opened a political discussion, and when I mentioned a lady's name—three good rules well learnt, though at considerable expense to my father. A mention of Wellington's campaign in

"When I joined the army in 1884," recalls our author, "the general spirit of military training was much as it had been in the days of Napoleon. Officers and men were trained to a certain standard of elementary tactics, and a very high standard of efficiency in the use of their weapons—beyond that their principal duty was to look smart and wear very gorgeous uniforms. . . . A good deal of parade work was done in full dress, and was chiefly confined to a few simple but spectacular parade movements very accurately carried out, the Manual Exercise, and Bayonet Exercise." But, like many another, he progressed from the Snider to aeroplanes and gas—"an invention of the Devil, which puts the real fighting merit of a man into the background."

Meanwhile, "ferocious" inspections, routine duties, active service at Wano, leave and love-at-first-sight, the learning of many tongues, Frontier skirmishing, a spell of amateur journalism, and the China War of 1900. During this last affair experiences most Oriental. "In the spring of 1901 the combined armies marched through the heart of the Boxer country from Tientsin to Paotingfu. . . . Between Tientsin and Paotingfu there are a considerable number of large towns surrounded with high walls of mud or brick which would render them difficult places to take if stoutly defended, but our advance was unbrokenly victorious. On our approach, the alarm would be sounded, and the gates closed. Large pieces of red rag were then placed hanging out of the muzzles of the smooth-bore cannons mounted on the walls. This was done to make us believe that these were flames coming out of the muzzles of the guns, and it was hoped that we would retire under the impression that the guns were firing at us." Is it to be wondered at that, with this and kindred episodes in mind, General Dunsterville opines: "My remarks on China and the Chinese character made with reference to the period of the Boxer War might be considered out of date with regard to the wonderful events now taking place in that country, where we are witnessing the painful birth—with too many contending surgeons and midwives—of a 'New China.' But when the child is born, he will be found to be a speaking likeness of his great-grandfather!"

So to the War, missing the years of "manœuvres and malaria" and good soldiering that preceded it. In this Dunsterville was to earn yet another enviable



WHEN KIPLING WAS AT THE SCHOOL: A GROUP OF MASTERS AT WESTWARD HO!—INCLUDING FIVE MENTIONED IN "STALKY AND CO."

Standing are Willes (Chaplain), Pugh, and Green. Seated are Stevens, Carr, Price (Head), Osborne, Colonel Russell (Sec.), and Crofts. On the ground are Evans and Bode. Of these Willes, Pugh, Evans, Price, and Crofts are mentioned in "Stalky and Co."

Reproduced from "Stalky's Reminiscences," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Jonathan Cape.

of the Masters' tantrums; as one of the three sharing a study and a furze-masked hut, reading, hatching plots against those who incurred "odium," smoking mildly and miserably; as Editor of the School Chronicle and writer of "Ave Imperatrix" "in the style of a poet-laureate congratulating a monarch on escape from peril"; and even, at Lahore, as a member of the staff of the "Civil and Military Gazette" who had gained fame for witty satires on Indian life.

The rest is silence. Which is as it should be. Much print has praised Kipling; far too little has been said about Dunsterville.

"Few surnames," points out the autobiographer, "are capable of being converted into anagrams, but ours is one of the few, and it makes

### 'NEVER SIT DULL.'

I do not remember when I first had this pointed out to me; certainly I knew nothing of it in childhood or early manhood. It is peculiar, therefore, that my outlook on life has been in exact keeping with the excellent advice of the anagram."

That is well said. "Ned Kelly," "Jack Harkaway," Fenimore Cooper, Marryat, and Gustave Aimard blazed the way for letters signed in blood! "Stalky" wrote these to his sisters. "I don't believe that they were much impressed by it," he comments, "and it was an unpleasant job getting the blood from my arm, and blood is most trying stuff to write with; it congeals very quickly, and won't run off the nib—I doubt if it was worth while." So he ran away to sea!

Before he was captured, he had three days and two nights vainly seeking a job from the scoffing skippers of coasting brigs and schooners, "getting a crust of bread here and there at farms, a turnip or two from the fields, and sleeping concealed in the thick Devon hedges at night." In fact, honouring the most time-hallowed traditions.

Then, in due course, Sandhurst and a commission; and appointment to the second battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment, stationed at Malta. There

the Peninsula cost me some more Port, and I was now more than half educated, having learnt the excellent rules that in a Mess you must not discuss religion or politics, or mention a lady's name, or talk shop."

Thus equipped, and with a groundwork of matters more strictly professional, he served at Cairo and at Suez, where gaming and shooting were welcome diversions. "A single curlew would alight somewhere about the middle of the marsh. Then from behind each clump of reeds would gradually become visible the various head-dresses of the seventeen nationalities who had determined to make their evening meal off that unfortunate bird. Bowler hats, a fez or two, a tweed cap, a solar topee—and I think there was once a Levantine Greek in a top-hat."

Then Suakim; then India; then a transfer to the Indian Army.



WITH RUDYARD KIPLING IN THE CENTRE: A GROUP TAKEN AT WESTWARD HO! BY MR. CROFTS (KING) IN ABOUT 1882.

Reproduced from "Stalky's Reminiscences," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Jonathan Cape.

reputation. At first Fate decreed that he should be a train-conducting officer in France, detailed to see that rations reached their proper destinations, and fearful that "fly" shunting would cause an unheroic death! "It was just a series of violent collisions, and not always successful attempts to

(Continued on page 598.)

\* "Stalky's Reminiscences." By Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net.)





THE EX-MAHARAJAH OF INDORE'S AMERICAN BRIDE: MISS NANCY MILLER (CENTRE) WITH HER GRANDMOTHER (RIGHT) AND AN INDIAN FRIEND, MRS. SANT, READY FOR THE CEREMONY OF HER CONVERSION TO HINDUISM.



WITH THE HINDU CASTE MARK (VISIBLE IN ALL THESE PHOTOGRAPHS) ON HER FOREHEAD: MISS MILLER, WEARING A SARI PRESENTED BY A PROSPECTIVE SISTER-IN-LAW, DURING THE CONVERSION CEREMONY.



NOW GIVEN THE HINDU NAME OF DEVI SHARMISTA: MISS MILLER DURING HER CONVERSION, WITH HER GRANDMOTHER (STANDING ON LEFT) AND AN INDIAN WOMAN AS "GUIDE."

Miss Nancy Miller, an American woman, was married to the former Maharajah of Indore, Sir Tukoji Rao Holkar, at Barwaha, forty miles from Indore, on March 17. They had first met when he was travelling in the United States, and she came out to India last January. As a preliminary to the marriage, Miss Miller became a convert to the Hindu religion, and adopted the name of Devi Sharmista. The ceremony of conversion took place on March 13, partly at Nasik, a holy city of the Hindus, while the actual religious rites were performed at

## AN AMERICAN BRIDE BECOMES A HINDU: PRELIMINARIES TO THE INDORE-MILLER WEDDING.



MISS MILLER PERFORMING RITUAL OBSERVANCES AT HER CONVERSION TO HINDUISM: AN INCIDENT OF A CEREMONY THAT LASTED AN HOUR AND A-HALF.



DEVI SHARMISTA (MISS NANCY MILLER, SEATED ON RIGHT), WITH HER INDIAN "GUIDE" WHO ASSISTED HER TO DRESS AS A MAHRATTA WOMAN: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF HER CONVERSION.

Gangapur, five miles away, on the banks of the sacred river Godavari. Miss Miller went through the ceremony (which lasted an hour and a-half, and included her initiatory worship of images of Hindu deities), sitting under a canopy, unperturbed by a crowd of some 2000 people, among whom were several Europeans. She was attended by her grandmother and two sisters of her future husband. Finally she prostrated herself before Dr. Kurtkoti and asked for his benediction. Many valuable saris (Indian shawls) were presented to her.



## A UNIQUE AINTREE MEETING: INCIDENTS AT THE GRAND NATIONAL.



THE FIRST OCCASION OF AN ORGANISED AIR SERVICE FOR A RACE MEETING: ONE OF FIVE AEROPLANES THAT CARRIED GRAND NATIONAL RACEGOERS FROM CROYDON TO AINTREE—WITH ITS PASSENGERS.



THE "SPILLION" RIDER! TWO JOCKEYS ON ONE HORSE RETURNING AFTER THE RACE, ONE OF THEM HAVING LOST HIS MOUNT AS THE RESULT OF A FALL.



THE LAST JUMP—AN EXCITING MOMENT: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) TIPPERARY TIM (WINNER); THE RIDERLESS GREAT SPAN; AND BILLY BARTON (SECOND) TAKING THE FENCE JUST BEFORE HIS FALL.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN AT THE GRAND NATIONAL: KING AMANULLAH AND QUEEN SURAYYA INSPECTING THE WATER JUMP BEFORE THE RACE.



A MUCH-FANCIED HORSE PUT OUT OF THE RUNNING: LADY HELEN McCALMONT'S AMBERWAVE, RIDDEN BY MR. J. O'BRIEN, COMES TO GRIEF AT BECHER'S BROOK.



AFTER HIS UNLUCKY FALL WHEN LEADING AT THE LAST FENCE: BILLY BARTON'S JOCKEY (T. CULLINAN) GETTING BACK INTO THE SADDLE TO FINISH SECOND.

In addition to the surprising character of the actual race for the Grand National, and its unexpected result (as mentioned on page 583), the Aintree meeting this year was in other respects a memorable occasion. A unique event was the attendance of the King and Queen of Afghanistan, who were warmly welcomed when they arrived on the course, from Liverpool. King Amanullah and Queen Surayya were the guests of the Earl and Countess of Sefton, from whose private box, draped with the Afghan colours, they watched the race. Lord Lonsdale was also among the party. Another novel feature of the day was the aeroplane

service, fully organised for the first time, to bring racegoers to the meeting. A fleet of five Imperial Airways machines conveyed a number of passengers from Croydon to Aintree. As noted on page 583, Mr. Howard Bruce's horse, Billy Barton (T. Cullinan up), fell at the last fence, while slightly ahead of Tipperary Tim, but came in second. These were the only two horses, out of forty-two starters, to complete the course, except one (Mr. W. B. Duckworth's Great Span), who finished without his jockey, W. Payne. In our photograph of the finish (on page 583) Great Span is seen following the winner.



## AN EXTRAORDINARY GRAND NATIONAL: VICTORY FOR A 100-TO-1 OUTSIDER.



A RECORD "FIELD" OF FORTY-TWO: THE CROWDED START OF THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE AT AINTREE—ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE RACES IN THE HISTORY OF THE EVENT, ONLY ONE COMPETITOR (THE WINNER, AN UNCONSIDERED OUTSIDER) COMPLETING THE COURSE WITHOUT A FALL, AND ONLY ONE OTHER BEING IN AT THE FINISH.



"SPILLS" AT BECHER'S BROOK THE FIRST TIME ROUND: HERBERT'S CHOICE AND KOKO (REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN NEARLY DROWNED THERE) FALLING, AND EASTER HERO LEADING AT THIS POINT—SHOWING ALSO (ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE JUMP) ONE OF THE HORSES REFUSING.



THE WINNER  
AT THE FINISH:  
TIPPERARY TIM  
(MR. W. P.  
DUTTON UP)  
PASSING THE  
POST FOLLOWED  
BY A RIDERLESS  
HORSE (GREAT  
SPAN) AND WELL  
AHEAD OF  
BILLY BARTON  
(SECOND).



LEADING-IN THE WINNER: MR. H. S. KENYON'S TIPPERARY TIM AND HIS RIDER, MR. W. P. DUTTON (AN AMATEUR), RECEIVING THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD AFTER THE RACE.

This year's Grand National, run at Aintree on March 30, has been described as one of the most extraordinary races in the annals of the event. It was won by an unconsidered outsider, who started at 100 to 1 against, and was the only horse that did not fall, from a "record" field of forty-two starters, while only one other competitor succeeded in completing the course. It was a wet day, and the ground was like a quagmire. The starting-gate had been moved out of the course to give room to the big field. The winner was an Irish horse, Mr. H. S. Kenyon's ten-year-old gelding, Tipperary Tim, trained by J. Dodd,

and ridden by an amateur, Mr. W. P. Dutton, a young solicitor, of Chester, who rides with the Cheshire and Wirral Hounds, and in 1925 won the Liverpool Foxhunters' Steeplechase at Aintree. Tipperary Tim was bred by Mr. J. Ryan, at Cashel. An American-owned horse came in second—Mr. Howard Bruce's Billy Barton, ridden by T. Cullinan. At the last fence he was slightly ahead of Tipperary Tim, but "pecked" on landing and unseated his rider, who, however, remounted and finished. A riderless horse, Great Span, also passed the post. Captain Guest's Koko was reported to have been nearly drowned in Becher's Brook.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**MR. J. KEBLE BELL.**  
"Keble Howard," the well-known author and dramatist. Formerly edited the "Sketch," and contributed "Motley Notes" to that paper from July 1889 until last month.



**M. GUSTAVE ADOR.**  
Died on March 30 at the age of eighty-two. A great loss to Switzerland and to the International Red Cross. Responsible for the Prisoners of War Agency, Geneva.



**MISS SOUMAY CHENG.**  
The first Chinese woman admitted to the French Bar. Touring European capitals as representative of the Government of Nanking. Studied at the Sorbonne.



**SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.**  
(Born, July 8, 1863; died, March 27.) Distinguished solicitor. Did much valuable public work as well as acting as trusted family adviser. Created a Baronet, 1916.



**SIR ALEXANDER RICHARDSON.**  
(Born, March 27, 1864; died, March 30.) Well-known engineer, and a former M.P. for Gravesend. A former editor of "Engineering."



**MR. W. M. R. PRINGLE.**  
(Born, 1874; died, April 1.) Formerly M.P. (L.) for N.W. Lanarkshire, and, later, for Penistone Division of Yorks. A barrister. Contested Carnachie Division, Glasgow, 1906.



**H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY, WHO HAS BEEN CREATED DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.**  
Prince Henry, third son of their Majesties the King and Queen, celebrated his twenty-eighth birthday on March 31. The "London Gazette" of the 30th announced that the "King had been pleased to grant him the dignities of Baron Culloden, Earl of Ulster and Duke of Gloucester."



**MR. W. J. H. BRODRICK.**  
New Metropolitan Police Magistrate. Recorder of Bournemouth since 1924. Aged fifty-four. Has played a prominent part in the work of assisting discharged prisoners.



**GENERAL J. C. BAILLIE.**  
(Born, September 8, 1835; died, March 31.) In close association with John Nicholson in the earlier stages of the Indian Mutiny. Did valuable Great War work.



**EGYPT AND GREAT BRITAIN: MUSTAPHA PASHA NAHAS AND THE MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET.**  
William Makram Bey Ebeid (Communications), Mohamed Pasha Safwat (Agriculture), Ibrahim Bey Fahmy (Public Works), Ahmed Pasha Khashaba (Justice), Gaafar Pasha Waly (War), Mustapha Pasha Nahas (Prime Minister and Interior), Neguib Pasha Gharably (Wakfs), Ali Pasha Shamsy (Education), and Mohamed Pasha Mahmud (Finance), (L. to R.)



**THE HALFORD-HEWITT GOLF CUP: "OLD ETONIANS," WHO BEAT "OLD CARTHUSIANS."**  
The team—here seen with the cup—comprised Mr. E. R. Campbell, Major G. Le Roy Burnham, Captain R. H. Jobson, Major J. S. Hughes, Captain D. S. Peplow, Mr. O. C. Bristowe, Mr. H. C. Ellis, Mr. B. Darwin, Mr. G. D. Hannay, and Mr. H. W. de Zoete. Its success was the fourth victory for Eton. The average age of the team is forty-two.



**SIR FRANK B. MERRIMAN, O.B.E., K.C., M.P.**  
The new Solicitor-General. Recorder of Wigan and a member of the Bar Council. Born, 1880. Called to Bar, 1904. In the war served from 1914 until 1919 (D.A.A.G. from 1917), and was thrice mentioned.



**LORD CAVE: LORD CHANCELLOR, 1922-24, AND 1924-28.**  
(Born, February 23, 1856; died, March 29.) Retired on March 28. The first Viscount Cave. The King had announced his intention of conferring an Earldom upon him. Called to the Bar, 1880.  
From the Picture by R. G. Eves.



**SIR THOMAS INSkip, C.B.E., K.C., M.P.**  
The new Attorney-General. Formerly Solicitor-General. A hard worker in Standing Committees. Born, March 5, 1876. Called to Bar, 1899. During the war was in the Naval Intelligence Division, Admiralty.



## A City of Easter Fame: Seville and its Cathedral.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY C. BREWER, R.I., SHOWN AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS EXHIBITION (1911)  
REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, VISCOUNTESS BERTIE OF THAME.



"THE GIRALDA, SEVILLE": THE GREAT BELL-TOWER THAT WAS ONCE A MOORISH MINARET.

Seville is noted for its Easter Fair, accompanied by bull-fights. The great bell-tower of the Cathedral, known as the Giralda, was originally the minaret, or prayer-tower, of a Moorish mosque, built in 1184-96. It was then about 230 ft. high. The upper part of the tower was

built in 1568. It is surmounted by a bronze female figure of Faith, with the banner of Constantine. This figure, about 305 ft. above ground, is the *Giraldillo*, or vane, from which the tower takes its name. Though 13 ft. high and weighing 1½ tons, it moves readily.



# Holy Week in Seville: The Atmosphere of Old Spain in the Pageantry of the "Cofradias."

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY GUSTAVO BACARISAS. REPRODUCED BY

PERMISSION OF THE OWNER. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



WITH A BOOK (BORNE BY A HOODED FIGURE) CONTAINING ARCHIVES: SEVILLE "COFRADIAS" IN A HOLY WEEK PROCESSION.

These remarkable paintings, by a Spanish artist of high standing, convey in a wonderfully vivid manner the colour and religious atmosphere of Spain at the Easter ceremonies. In a note on his pictures, Señor Bacarisas writes: "During the days that commemorate 'The Passion,' the streets of Seville are thronged day and night by long processions of mysterious personages covered from head to foot in their hoods and flowing tunics. These old-time figures, carrying lighted candles, solemnly accompany gorgeously decorated images borne on the shoulders of invisible carriers. The organisers and participants in these religious pageants are the *Cofradias* or Brotherhoods, survivals of the ancient Guilds, many dating as far back as the fifteenth century. The old parchments recording their origin, and privileges granted them by Kings and Popes, are preserved richly bound, and the fine old book



LIKE MUTES OF THE INQUISITION: MEMBERS OF "COFRADIAS" BEARING PORTABLE ALTARS, WITH SACRED IMAGES.

is proudly carried by a brother in a prominent place in the procession. Nowadays, these processions are a popular artistic display rather than a deeply felt religious manifestation. Some of the images are of great value, being fine examples of the work of the old masters in polychrome wooden sculpture, and the portable altars on which they are placed are often real works of art also, in gilt wooden carving and silver repoussé work. The procession leaves the church where the *Cofradia* has its seat, and, slowly passing through the narrow winding streets thronged with people, it reaches the Cathedral, from whence, after a prayer, it returns to the church, where the images and other treasures of the *Cofradia* are carefully kept until the next year. On its way the image is greeted by the sung prayers of the faithful."



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Also in Cartridge Form.*

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plain old tin  
and I work  
together"



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## THE 80TH BOAT RACE A "PROCESSION": NEXT YEAR "40 ALL"?



THE START OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE: A VIEW FROM THE PUTNEY SIDE, SHOWING THE TWO BOATS (STILL HELD AT THE STERN) GETTING INTO POSITION, OXFORD (ON THE FAR SIDE) HAVING WON THE TOSS AND CHOSEN THE MIDDLESEX STATION; SHOWING THE STARTER'S LAUNCH BEHIND, AND FULHAM CHURCH IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.



THE "UNEVENTFUL FINISH OF THE BOAT RACE: A "WALK-OVER" FOR THE LIGHT BLUES—CAMBRIDGE PASSING THE POST AT MORTLAKE IN EASY STYLE SOME TEN LENGTHS AHEAD, WITH OXFORD "NOWHERE," TOO FAR BEHIND TO COME INTO THE PICTURE.

This year's Boat Race, which was rowed early on Saturday, March 31, over the usual Putney-to-Mortlake course, was disappointingly tame, as Oxford failed to make a race of it. They kept up as far as the Mile Post, but Cambridge then drew clear and continued to increase their lead until the end. They were nearly two lengths ahead at Hammersmith Bridge, four lengths at Chiswick Steps, six lengths at Barnes, and about ten lengths when they passed the post. The time distance between the two boats at the finish was just over thirty seconds. Cambridge gave a good exhibition of stylish rowing, and completed the course in 20 minutes 25 seconds, but were hardly "extended" to their

full capacity. This was the eightieth annual Boat Race, and Cambridge have now won 39 to Oxford's 40, while one race (in 1877) was a dead-heat. Next year's contest will, therefore, be particularly interesting (with a prospect of forty all if Cambridge wins), and the more so as it will be the centenary of the first race, rowed at Henley in 1829, before it became an annual event. Oxford then won easily. With their victory this year Cambridge have also equalled their previous best sequence of wins, and, should they succeed again next year, it will make a "record" in that respect. Everyone, however, will hope for a better race in 1929.



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



**CAPTAIN BERT HINKLER WELCOMED BY HIS MOTHER AND SISTER AFTER HIS GREAT FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA: A PROUD MOMENT ON HIS LANDING AT BUNDABERG.**

After flying alone, in an Avro "Avian" light aeroplane, from Croydon to Port Darwin, northern Australia, in sixteen days, Captain Bert Hinkler flew on by stages to his native town of Bundaberg in Queensland, where he arrived on February 27. On landing he was greeted by his widowed mother and his sister, who had not seen him for seven years. He was carried shoulder-high to receive a public welcome. Later, he flew to Brisbane, Sydney, Canberra, and Melbourne.



**THE PRINCE OF WALES CHASING HIS HORSE TO REMOUNT AFTER HIS THIRD "SPILL" IN THE HARKAWAY CLUB POINT-TO-POINTS: AN INCIDENT OF A RACE IN WHICH HE FINISHED FOURTH.**

The Prince of Wales was thrown three times in the Harkaway Club Point-to-Points at Chaddesley Corbett, Worcestershire, on March 31. The third fall was in the race for the Viscount Ednam Challenge Cup. He remounted, took the fence in fine style next round, and finished fourth.



**THE TOWER OF CHARLEMAGNE AT TOURS BEFORE THE RECENT COLLAPSE: A HISTORIC BUILDING SOME 1100 YEARS OLD.**

The front of the ancient Tower of Charlemagne at Tours, all that remained of St. Martin's Cathedral, built in the year 800, collapsed on March 26 with a terrific crash, and the debris blocked two streets. Fortunately, the appearance of a crack in the masonry had given warning, and everyone in the neighbourhood was removed from danger in time, while the traffic was stopped. The French Ministry of Fine Arts appointed a commission to consider the possibility of reconstruction. The tower is 150ft. high.



**THE TOWER OF CHARLEMAGNE AT TOURS AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF THE FRONT: A DISASTER HAPPILY FORESEEN IN TIME TO PREVENT FATALITIES.**



**PRICELESS GOBELINS TAPESTRIES FOUND NEAR BERLIN: A DISCOVERY IN THE PALACE AT CHARLOTTENBURG.**

A few days ago some old French Gobelin tapestries were discovered, quite by accident, at the former Imperial Palace of Charlottenburg, near Berlin. Parts of them had actually been walled in. Many years ago, it is said, they were valued at several millions of marks.



**ROYAL INTEREST IN INTERNATIONAL "SOCCER": THE DUKE OF YORK SHAKING HANDS WITH THE SCOTTISH TEAM BEFORE THE MATCH IN WHICH THEY BEAT ENGLAND AT WEMBLEY.**

The Association football match between England and Scotland was played, on March 31, in the Stadium at Wembley, and ended in an easy victory for Scotland by five goals to one. It was the last match of the international championship, which had already been won by Wales, and the result placed England at the bottom of the list. Before the match both the teams were presented

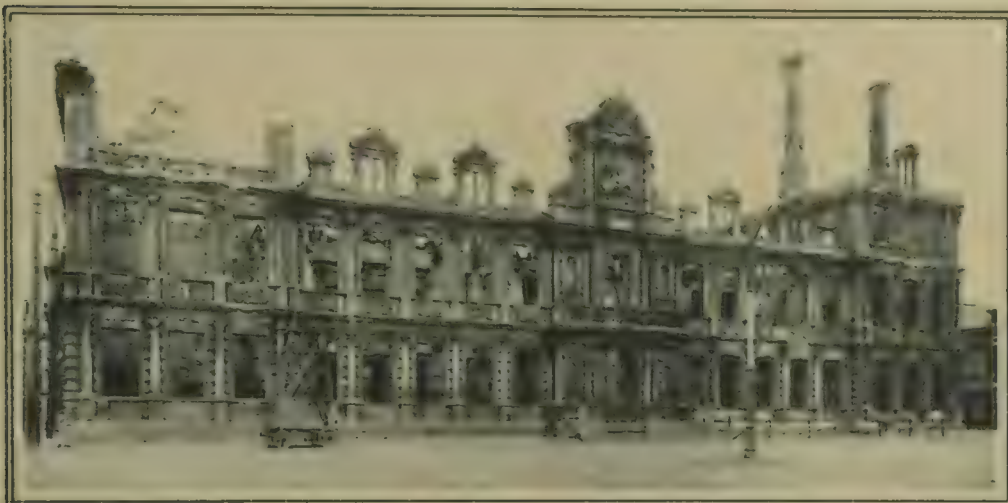


**THE KING AND QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN AND THE DUKE OF YORK (SITTING BETWEEN THEM) HIGHLY AMUSED WHILE WATCHING THE ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND MATCH: THE ROYAL PARTY AT WEMBLEY.**

to the Duke of York, who watched the play seated between King Amanullah and Queen Surayya of Afghanistan. As our photograph shows, they were much amused at some of the things they saw. There were about 80,000 spectators present at the match, and London that day was full of Scots in Tam-o'-shanters.



# SEQUELS TO TWO DISASTERS: RHEIMS TOWN HALL: THE SUNK "S4."



THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT RHEIMS AS IT WAS AFTER THE CITY HAD BEEN UNDER GERMAN BOMBARDMENT FOR NEARLY FOUR YEARS DURING THE WAR: THE BUILDING REDUCED TO A MERE SHELL OF BATTERED WALLS.

The Hotel de Ville at Rheims, as well as the Cathedral and the Archbishop's Palace, suffered severely from German shell-fire during the Great War. The city was under bombardment for nearly four years, and many of the inhabitants lived in the vast underground wine vaults known



THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT RHEIMS AS LATELY RECONSTRUCTED: THE NEW BUILDING TO BE REOPENED IN JUNE BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

as the Pommery Cellars, where children attended school in gas-masks. The Hotel de Ville has now been restored as it was before the war, and is to be reopened by the French President early in June.



THE UNITED STATES SUBMARINE "S4" (SUNK! WITH HER CREW OF 40 LAST DECEMBER) IN DRY DOCK AT BOSTON AFTER HAVING BEEN RAISED BY SALVAGE OPERATIONS: THE HULL AS IT APPEARED AFTER THREE MONTHS' SUBMERGENCE.

The U.S. submarine "S4," sunk on December 17, with her crew of forty, after collision with the coastguard destroyer "Paulding" off Providencetown, was recently brought to the surface and dry-docked at Boston. The bodies of six men who had remained alive several days, and signalled to divers, were found, all in their bunks, in the forward torpedo-room. In the engine



SHOWING THE HOLE MADE BY THE PROW OF THE COASTGUARD DESTROYER IN THE COLLISION: PART OF THE HULL OF THE U.S. SUBMARINE "S4" AFTER SALVAGE.

room were the bodies of thirty-four men believed to have died on the first day, probably through the exhaustion of their oxygen. The hole made by the "Paulding" was not considered sufficient in itself to have caused the sinking. It was only a foot wide and 30 inches long, and part of the destroyer's bow was still wedged in it. The two lower photographs were taken inside the

(Continued below.)



WHERE LAY THE BODIES OF SIX MEN WHO REMAINED ALIVE SEVERAL DAYS IN THE SUNK "S4": THE TORPEDO-ROOM, WITH A RUBBER SHEET (CENTRE) THEY HAD FIXED ON THE DOOR TO STOP A LEAK.

(Continued.) submarine after she was salvaged. That on the left shows the torpedo-room. "The door itself (says an explanatory note) was tight, but the glass deadlight evidently leaked, as is shown by the rubber sheet held in place by the pinch-bar and wooden wedge fixed by the imprisoned men." The right-hand view "shows the port side and after bulkheads and the collapsed ventilator duct



THE INTERIOR OF THE "S4" AFTER SHE WAS RAISED AND PUMPED DRY: A VIEW SHOWING THE PORT SIDE AND AFTER BULKHEADS, AND THE COLLAPSED VENTILATOR DUCT THROUGH WHICH WATER ENTERED THE CONTROL-ROOM AND COMPELLED THE CREW TO ABANDON IT.

through which water entered the control-room. Into this duct the water forced the curtain and flag, which clogged the valve on the after side of the bulkhead and prevented its closing. It was this water which forced the abandonment of the control-room." On the wall of the torpedo-room were found dents made by a spanner used for rapping signals.



# THE KING AND QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN: VISITS TO INDUSTRIAL CENTRES.



SHEFFIELD: QUEEN SURAYYA AT THE WORKS OF MESSRS. VICKERS, ARMSTRONG, WHERE THEY SAW THE MAKING OF GUNS AND OTHER HEAVY STEEL-WORK.



AT PORT SUNLIGHT: QUEEN SURAYYA KISSING LITTLE MISS ISABEL BARNISH, WHO HAD PRESENTED HER WITH A BOUQUET.



MANCHESTER: THEIR MAJESTIES AS THE GUESTS OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER AT A CIVIC BANQUET AT THE TOWN HALL, A FUNCTION ATTENDED BY SOME THREE HUNDRED GUESTS.



SHEFFIELD: THEIR MAJESTIES AT MESSRS. HADFIELD'S STEEL WORKS; WITH (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE LADY MAYORESS OF SHEFFIELD, SIR ROBERT HADFIELD, AND THE LORD MAYOR OF SHEFFIELD.



SHEFFIELD: THEIR MAJESTIES ADMIRING SILVER-WARE AT MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S, WHERE THEY WITNESSED VARIOUS STAGES IN THE MANUFACTURE OF PLATE.



DERBY: KING AMANULLAH AT THE ROLLS-ROYCE WORKS, WHERE, JOKINGLY, HE PRETENDED TO DRIVE A CAR AWAY.

The King of Afghanistan and his consort, Queen Surayya, carrying out their "educational" programme, have been paying visits to a number of great firms, and interesting themselves in industries in general. On March 27, for instance, they went to Derby and inspected the Rolls-Royce Motor Works, seeing everything from pleasure cars to a khaki-painted armoured car. The King was particularly attracted to the device in the "bumping shed," which enables engines to be tested as though they were travelling over an extremely rough road. Their

Majesties then went to Sheffield, lunching in the Town Hall, and visiting Messrs. Vickers, Armstrong, Messrs. Hadfield's, and Messrs. Mappin and Webb's. Manchester followed. There the King's activities included a steam-launch trip round the docks, as the guest of the Manchester Ship Canal Company, and an inspection of cotton-mills. Further, he went down the Bradford Pit of the Bradford Colliery Company. At Liverpool, which the King and Queen reached on March 29, they made their entry into the city by water, going from Port Sunlight.



# WHERE THE KING IS SPENDING EASTER: WINDSOR—AN UNUSUAL VIEW.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN ALFRED G. BUCKHAM, F.R.P.S.



## THE HOME OF ENGLISH KINGS SINCE WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR: WINDSOR CASTLE AS SEEN FROM THE AIR.

The Court having lately moved to Windsor, where the King and Queen arranged to spend Easter, the present is an appropriate time to publish this remarkable air view of the historic Castle, founded by William the Conqueror, and extended or altered by almost every succeeding monarch. The above photograph, looking to the north-east, takes in the whole range of buildings comprised within the Castle enclosure, which is almost a mile in circumference. It is divided into two main portions by the great Round Tower in the centre. On the left is the Lower Ward, including St. George's Chapel, with the Albert Memorial Chapel at the far end, and the Horse Shoe Cloisters at the nearer (western) end. Along

the walls in the foreground (from left to right) are the Curfew Tower, Garter Tower, Salisbury Tower, Henry VIII. Gateway, Garter House, and Henry III. Tower. In the Upper Ward (beyond the Round Tower) may be seen on the right (from left to right), the Edward III. Tower, George IV. Gateway, South Terrace, and Victoria Tower (at the far right-hand corner). Round that corner is the East Terrace, with the Prince of Wales Tower at the further end. Between the last-named Tower and the Round Tower are the buildings that contain State Apartments. To left of the Round Tower is seen the western end of the North Terrace.





## THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING.

### VII.—THE ALLUREMENT OF LACQUER FURNITURE.

By *ARTHUR HAYDEN*, Author of "*Bye-Paths in Collecting*," "*English China*," "*Old Furniture*," etc.

one spellbound by its striated reticulation. This was the greatest moment, and is held by its creators to have been one of its supreme and inimitable moments. If one thinks in early eighteenth-century terms, one thinks in lacquer and in marqueterie. Our ancestors loved colour. In costume, that indeed they did; though such relics

left and preserved are as a ragged army of beggars, and lie as unregarded as the lace cravat of Charles II. on his wax effigy in Abbot Islip's chantry at Westminster Abbey.

The collector must recognise facts. Of course he will remember how curiously Chinese the eighteenth century was in regard to art tastes. There was Garrick with his Chinese night at Drury Lane, and Goldsmith with his "*Citizen of the World*," a series of letters supposedly written by a Chinese gentleman in London. Sir William Chambers published his "*Designs in Chinese Buildings, Furniture, Dresses, Machines, and Utensils*" in 1757; and Chippendale, sturdy and robust designer as he was, found himself face to face with Chinese design and had to include the prevalent taste in his "*Director*" and in his practical creations. Perhaps colour in lacquer was languishing, but it had a long death. It had survived since the days of Charles II. and James II. It had a glorious outburst in the Orange-Stuart period under William. It subsided in the days of Queen Anne. It came into fashion in the days of George II. in the middle eighteenth century. It was then that Chambers returned from China in 1755 and produced his book three years after that of Chippendale.

Lovers of lacquer divide themselves into various schools in regard to period and date. It must be a matter of discrimination. In the illustration given of a seventeenth-century cabinet it will at once be seen that this comes straight from the East. Its stand of silvered wood gracefully and elaborately carved offers the best which the West could give to a fine cabinet.

There are those who love colour and eschew *motif*: to such persons a much later period must appeal. To one collector one may proffer originals in Chinese porcelain, but he may happen to love the great and fine Dutch simulations of Delft. It is quite a matter of taste. It is not impossible to find collectors eschewing the long services of some hundred pieces made of Oriental hard paste porcelain in blue and white, and selecting Colebrookdale and Spode exploitations, transfer-printed, as being more delectable.

Not very long ago there was quite a run on lacquer. Probably people who bought at that fever-heat now repent at their leisure. But that does not destroy lacquer as being in the running in the history of English furniture. In clock-cases and in small pieces it represents the panels, brought home by shipmasters from the East, which were embodied in pieces of English furniture. In great examples it represents an intensity of Oriental art, making something less than a momentary impression upon English design.

Let the collector be guided to avoid the painted specimens where amateurs have been taught to "*japan* and varnish in the true Oriental style." Covering with black paint and gilding is not lacquer. The collector should not be beguiled unless he finds out, as is suggested in another paragraph, that he is finding a bespattered

piece he ought, as the trade say, to "*pickle*." Then he may be indeed a connoisseur. But perhaps it is better to remember that the coach-painter, with his varnishes and his skill, some fifty years ago in Long Acre, could hold the palm over all eighteenth-century amateurs.

The collection of lac is not confined to great objects of furniture. There are boxes of innumerable forms and articles which we may term in the West "*articles of vertu*," a thousand-and-one trinkets to which lac lends itself as a glorious adjunct of colour. But to be very serious indeed, perhaps some readers may pay a visit to the museum at Kew Gardens, and see some of the most wonderful specimens of lacquer decoration in the world—Japanese, and comparatively modern. These are not cabinets, nothing so grandiose; but, small in compass though they be, they represent something infinitely greater—the longevity of lacquer.

THERE is lacquered furniture for all moods. There is new lacquer just coming out of the East, mainly from Japan, having a beauty which the Western hand cannot essay. Its imagery is still undimmed, although it may be a product for Europe and America. Its technique is still unapproachable. It has to meet a demand in blazing reds and wonderful jade-greens. By what manner such artistic triumphs have been produced is still a secret, although possibly part may be revealed in the plaintive note of a fabricator to the writer, complaining that in a dust-laden city such as London lacquered work of the highest grade could not be undertaken; certain stages should, so he affirmed, be made out at sea. This may or may not be so, for expert opinion is often biased.

Then there is old lacquer which may be any age from Charles II. to the early Georges. That, too, may be divided into real and old lacquer coming from the East or lacquer made by Dutch and French craftsmen, mainly the former, or English lacquer made in this country. In sifting the history of lacquered furniture to the bottom one is confronted by quite an array of comparative amateur workers in so-called "*japanning*." Books were published to enable ladies to disfigure furniture by painting it in black and streaking it with designs in gold resembling Oriental landscapes. This was in the eighteenth century; a century later came the "*Aspinalling process*," where black became white.

It must always be something great to the connoisseur and collector when he discovers hidden under such excrescences the rich burr-walnut of the early seventeenth century or the ripe mahogany of the Chippendale era.

To come to collecting. Lacquer is of long lineage. It came with Charles II. One reads of two "*Japan cabinets*" for which he paid a hundred pounds, although, be it said, just at the particular moment when his Majesty found no writing paper on his council table, and a certain person—to wit, Mr. Wooly—dragged up to explain, did so by stating that he was four or five hundred pounds out of pocket, which was as much as he was worth, not having received anything since "*the King's coming in*." But whatever glory came in colour under the late Stuarts came in fuller force under William of Orange. It was then that lacquered furniture, slightly preceding marqueterie, made its advent into England as something of conquering force.

The great stream of Oriental panels of lacquered work pouring into this country during the late seventeenth century and later must not be neglected by the collector. It came later as panels, but once it was whole cabinets. When he finds nests of drawers and exquisite landscape so utterly impossible and so really lovable, then the collector will instinctively feel the origin. It is just that difference that one must at once feel between the most delectable piece of Delft of indisputable origin and certain great Chinese prototypes. It was in vain that the Dutchman Huygens re-created the varnish of Japan, and possibly was the suggester, when he emigrated to France, of the celebrated lacquer of Martin in his world-renowned "*Vernis-Martin*." We do not know, for trade secrets are sacredly kept.

Neither Martin nor anybody else in the West could keep pace with the East. With all the French *finesse* of Martin, with all the Dutch echoes of the East, they must, great as they are, in some measure be plagiarisms of the East. On the one hand, be it the silkworm's eggs carried in a Jesuit's staff, or be it Böttcher's own discoveries at Meissen, the ideal was the West copying the Far East.

It is rather wonderful to regard the somnolent grandeur of old lacquer that is really old. It has a fine ancestry in its reticent quietude. It is mainly black and gold, and if it is very magnificent it holds



"STRAIGHT FROM THE EAST": A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ORIENTAL LACQUERED CABINET (CLOSED), WITH ORIGINAL METAL HINGES AND ESCUTCHEON TO LOCK, MOUNTED ON AN ELABORATELY CARVED STAND OF SILVERED WOOD OF WESTERN DESIGN.



THE SAME LACQUERED CABINET (AS IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH) WITH THE FRONT OPEN: A VIEW SHOWING THE NESTS OF DRAWERS AND THE FINE ORIENTAL DECORATIVE MOTIFS IN THE DOORS AND PANELS.

Photographs by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons.



# THE UNCONQUERED "EVEREST" OF CANADA: MOUNT "MYSTERY." LATELY PROVED TO BE BRITISH COLUMBIA'S HIGHEST PEAK.



APPROACHING THE SUMMIT OF MT. MYSTERY (THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAK ON THE LEFT): MR. DON MUNDAY AND HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.



THE MOUNTAIN THAT DETHRONED MT. ROBSON AS THE HIGHEST PEAK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: MT. MYSTERY FROM A POINT 6 1/2 MILES FROM THE SUMMIT—AND THE FRANKLIN GLACIER.



A FAMOUS WOMAN CLIMBER ON THE SNOW-CLAD SLOPES OF MT. MYSTERY: MRS. MUNDAY, THE PARTY'S PHOTOGRAPHER.



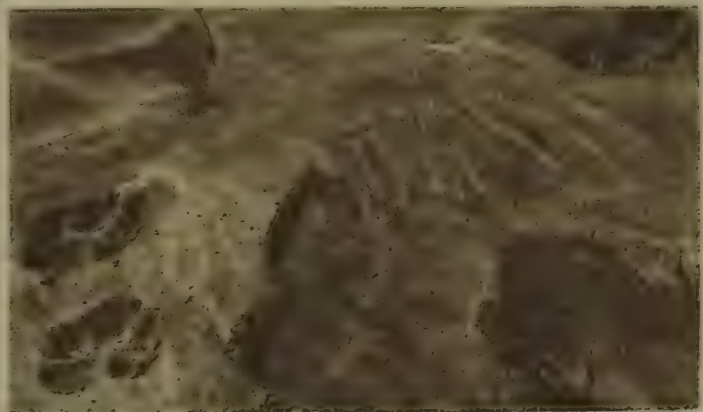
IN CAMP SOME TEN MILES FROM MT. MYSTERY, DURING THE EXPEDITION THAT LED TO ITS HEIGHT BEING DETERMINED: MR. DON MUNDAY AND HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.



NEAR A LOFTY PEAK (NOT THE SUMMIT): MR. DON MUNDAY AND HIS SISTER-IN-LAW CLIMBING MT. MYSTERY.



LOOKING BACK ON MT. MYSTERY: MR. DON MUNDAY AND HIS SISTER-IN-LAW ON THEIR RETURN JOURNEY, AT A POINT TEN MILES AWAY, BESIDE THE FRANKLIN GLACIER.



TRACKS OF WOLVES SEEN WHEN HUNTING GOATS ON THE WAY TO MT. MYSTERY: TWO FOOTMARKS SHOWN BESIDE A HUMAN FOOTPRINT (TO INDICATE THEIR SIZE).

ANIMAL LIFE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA: WILD GOATS (IN CENTRE) SEEN BESIDE THE FRANKLIN GLACIER ON THE WAY TO MT. MYSTERY.



This year, it is said, another attempt is to be made to reach the summit of Mt. Mystery, which has lately supplanted Mt. Robson as the highest peak in British Columbia. The existence of the mysterious mountain first became known in 1863 through the survey work of Alfred Waddington, afterwards killed by Indians. For nearly sixty years nothing more was heard of it, but in 1922 the peak was sighted by Captain R. P. Bishop. In a note on the above photographs, Mr. John Bensley Thornhill, F.R.G.S., writes: "In 1926 Mr. Don Munday, a young mountaineer, who had already climbed Mt. Robson, tried to approach Mt. Mystery from the east. He failed to get within twenty miles of the mountain.

Last September Mr. Munday, with his wife and his sister-in-law, landed at the head of Knight Inlet, and, by going up the Franklin River and the Franklin Glacier, reached Mt. Mystery. They climbed to within 200 feet of the summit, which they would have reached but for a thunderstorm. Mr. Munday's aneroid readings surprised the Surveyor-General, who told one of his field parties to fix the position of Mt. Mystery and determine its height. This was done last December. The latitude is 51 deg. 22 ft. 32 in. N., the longitude 125 deg. 15 ft. 34.5 in. W., and the altitude, 13,260 ft., which is 340 ft. higher than Mt. Robson."



# Fashions & Fancies

## Buttonholes from Russia.

Green tulips have ceased to surprise us, so the new feather "Russian violets" for our buttonholes seem quite natural in their lovely shades of yellow and deep rose. These new posies are created for wearing with the more elaborate frocks of printed crêpe-de-Chine and chiffon. They are formed by a mass of soft blooms, of which only a few are pinned to the material, leaving the others drooping downwards in quite a long trail. For tailored suits, daffodils made of feathers which have a shiny ciré surface are new and very smart. You may have narcissus from the same garden, and the delicate colourings of hydrangea blossoms lend their freshness to lighten trim black "tailleurs." As the sunny days grow more frequent, these spring flowers are gradually superseding the more exotic products of shell and metal which made such curious-looking blossoms that bloomed only in the imagination of their creators.

**The Hat with the Hidden Brim.** The first of the season's hats had their brims "chipped" about in a most ruthless way. Felts have odd segments cut out over one eye, or the brim curls away happily behind one ear. Now, as the straw hats are beginning to appear, and brims are necessarily wider to match summer frocks, the latest vogue is to have the hat wide at each side and the brim turned right under the crown in front, leaving it like a toque. The effect of the close-fitting front suddenly developing into wide side-wings is undeniably



This simple rest gown is carried out in lightweight metal brocade lined with georgette. It is from Marshall and Snelgrove's.



The newest lingerie modes are these short dancing knickers, worn with a long camisole in satin, with the entire front of lace.

of wearing a large brim is removed, the original hat is replaced over the other! The idea of the close-fitting Spanish scarf under a wide-brimmed hat appears a good deal in the fashionable race-meeting hats; but in most cases appearances are deceptive, and the hat is a "one-piece" only.

**Lingerie Modes.** In sympathy with the frock fashions, lingerie modes are more elaborate this year. There are frills and laces where before only pleats were allowed. Diminutive dancing knickers fitting closely to the hips have taken very largely the place of cami-knickers. The ones shown here are carried out in frilled crêpe-de-Chine, and can be obtained for 39s. 6d. at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., in whose salons were photographed the new lingerie models on this page. The "jumper camisole" is in satin with the entire front of lace, so that it may be worn under a coat with or without a jumper. This costs 29s. 6d. Below is a lovely night-dress of heavy satin, trimmed with coloured needle-run lace and net, and the boudoir cap is a filmy affair in lace and net, decorated in front with a basket filled with embroidered flowers. Opposite is a pyjama ensemble in tissue trimmed with fur, the long silk sash giving a lovely touch of colour. The fourth model is a rest gown in lightweight metal brocade lined with contrasting coloured georgette. There are pretty sleeveless tea-frocks in georgette and silk lace to be secured for 98s. 6d., and others in a new crêpe-de-Chine which has a suède finish are 78s. 6d.



For hours of ease in the boudoir is created this lovely three-piece pyjama ensemble, trimmed with fur soft beige. It has long trousers, jumper, and coat.

attractive. All the many variations of Chinese hemp are fashionable—soft, pliable straws as light as thistledown. The most expensive are those which have the crowns worked à jour with drawn threads (or rather, drawn straw). This has to be done entirely by hand, and needs the most skilled fingers and a very great deal of time. Consequently the hats are expensive and, therefore, likely to remain smart. The drawn-thread work is done in intricate geometrical patterns. Summer felts are in clear vivid shades of yellow and green, often trimmed by a drooping bunch of flowers at one side—again primroses and daffodils, whose simplicity acts as a delightful foil to the sophisticated shape of the hat.

## The Two-Piece Hat.

I should never have believed it possible to wear two hats at once without looking extraordinary; but one of the newest models from Paris is the two-piece hat! It consists of a wide-brimmed straw in a lovely shade of lemon, under which appears a close-fitting band of straw in the vivid Chanel-blue shade. At the side, from beneath the brim, hangs a large bunch of azaleas. This is the first stage, but as soon as the *thé dansant* begins, and you take the floor, the shady lemon straw is removed, revealing underneath a close-fitting little toque of blue crochet straw (the secret of the blue band) to which the flowers are attached. Once the dancing is over, and the difficulty



From Marshall and Snelgrove's comes this lovely night-dress in heavy satin trimmed with coloured needle-run lace and net. The cap is of net and lace with silk flowers.





## *The Whisky of the Empire*

### PROHIBITION

The number of persons who never use alcohol is so infinitesimal that it is time to relegate them to the obscurity that they would if they were modest occupy. The Government that legislates for the overwhelming majority will gain a popularity that will astonish it.

The tax on Whisky is 8/5½d. per bottle. This tax really means prohibition to an enormous number of persons of limited means.

It also means that thousands of decent sober people who want

## Haig

WHISKY

are having to go without or put up with substitutes that they do not like *and which are coming from abroad.*

We are trying to get a reduction of the terrible war tax, and you can help us by sending a letter to your local Member of Parliament, asking him to protest against its continuance.

Ask for **Haig** Whisky and help us to get the price reduced.

Doctors are prescribing it  
Judges are drinking it  
Sufferers from acidity need it  
You, if you are wise, are demanding it.



## Haig

WHISKY



## "STALKY'S REMINISCENCES."

(Continued from Page 580.)

defend oneself from cheeses and sides of bacon that hurled themselves at one. All very funny and amusing, perhaps, to read about, but you can be killed by a flying cheese as well as by a shell—and what an ignominious epitaph that would furnish!

"Fancy our widows sharing condolences. 'My husband was killed in an aeroplane after having downed six enemy planes in one morning. And yours, dear?' 'Mine was killed in a railway truck by a Double Gloucester.'"

The Mohmand Expedition followed; and after that the big thing. Dunsterville was ordered to North-West Persia and the Caucasus, and there came into being "Dunsterforce," bravery and bluff at their best; a skeleton gradually clothed with flesh and becoming fearful rather than fearsome; an offensive and defensive unit able to boast at one hectic moment that it controlled "an armoured car improvised out of a Ford van and some tissue paper. It was a terrific thing to look at, and, as no one was allowed near enough to poke their fingers through the 'armour,' it terrorised the whole countryside."

"The Adventures of Dunsterforce" told much of this expedition; but, says General Dunsterville here, "I . . . had little to say about the important part played by the Royal Navy. But the action of the latter did not really begin to make itself felt till after I had withdrawn from the Caspian."

"The naval forces were under the command of Commodore Norris, R.N., who joined us in Kasvin in the summer with sufficient naval ratings to enable him to develop a small fleet on the Caspian Sea by equipping suitable merchant vessels. The naval and military forces worked in perfect harmony, the only point of difference between Commodore Norris and myself being on the question of rank. The rank of Commodore is not known in the Russian Navy, and was confused by them with the lower rank of Commander. I proposed to get over this difficulty by promoting Norris to the rank of Admiral by a mere stroke of the pen. He protested vigorously, however, against my taking this action, threatening that if I persisted he would issue naval orders gazetting me a bishop."

The General does not wear lawn sleeves!

"Never sit dull." He has lived up to the family anagram. One of the results is his very human,

shrewd, and humorous book, the breezy record of a life spent cheerily and courageously in the pursuit of arms, and with a delightful disregard for snobbery and aloofness. Most apt is the quotation: "Nevertheless it cannot be concealed from the enlightened judgment of the holy and good, to whom these discourses are specially addressed, that the pearls of salutary admonition are threaded on the cord of an elegance of language, and the bitter potion of instruction sweetened with the honey of facetiousness, that the taste of the reader may not take disgust, and himself be debarred from the pleasure of approving them."

E. H. G.

## THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE EVOLUTION OF CENONE. By M. E. FRANCIS. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

The slopes of Moel Siaboa are a good place for the beginning of a pretty child's adventures, and the Welsh mountain gambit is as good an opening as any. Cenone had to make her move—or, rather, it had to be made for her. She was passed from one hand to the other without compunction. Her uncle and aunt, the people of the inn, renounced all claim to her, and Kenneth Hammond and his sister Beatrice took her away. Kenneth was a middle-aged writer of books, and the transplantation of Cenone to favourable conditions of his choosing was to provide him with the material for his *magnum opus*. The mountain child was to bring her own atmosphere with her to refresh and repair his jaded forces. That is how Kenneth put it to his sister. You see the manner of man he was. M. E. Francis has a special aptitude for drawing the selfish characters who are needed to throw into relief her more charming creations. Kenneth should, of course, have been kicked. Cenone was not a nonentity, and her evolution developed on lines very different from his intention. "The Evolution of Cenone" adds one more to the long list of pleasant, well-written novels that stand to the credit of Mrs. Francis Blundell. There is a fragrance in her books, and it is not absent here.

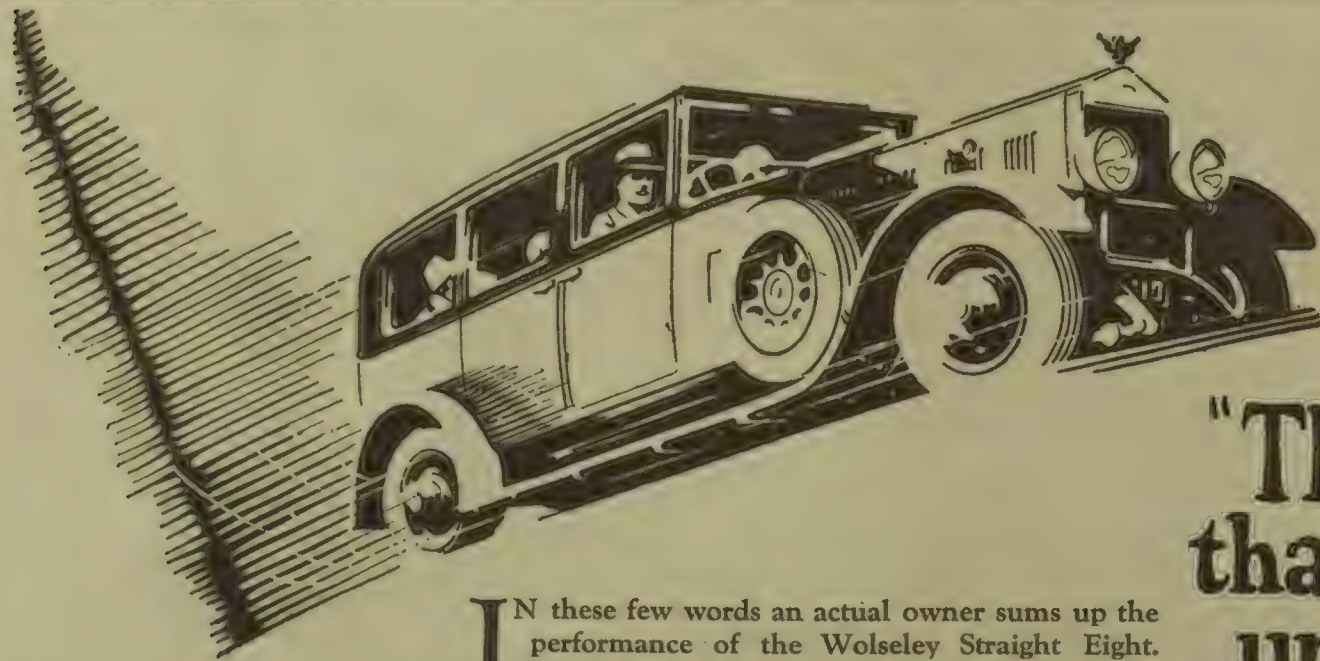
BULL AMONG CHINA. By DIANE BOSWELL. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)

The author of "Bull Among China" walks as delicately as Agag. This is very nice of her, because

a book in which a man is lover in turn of both mother and daughter deals with a subject not unlikely to offend. Diane Boswell's writing, at any rate, will charm the fastidious taste. Olivia in Milan, and at the Duomo, may be quoted. "She walked straight down the nave till she came to a little pool of golden light, old dull gold that seemed to stream down upon her, and, looking up, she saw small windows set high in the vaulting and masonry, and, catching the sun's rays, sanctified and passed them on, transforming their garish new gold to a rich mellow gleam, as the Church does the raw soul." The title of "Bull Among China" is an allusion to the predatory operations of Neil Ondarson in his two fields of activity. He was a dealer in china and antiquities, of dubious commercial honesty; and he trampled bull-wise upon the brittle china of the two women's hearts. Olivia Heronduke and her daughter Frances were moderns anchored on the fringe of London society. Ondarson was an adventurer, who came into contact with Mrs. Heronduke by answering her advertisement when she decided to let her house and treasures go, and gratify her *wanderlust*. She was tired of her way of life—possibly of her friends. She is the neurotic, restless type, described with finish and precision. The atmosphere of this novel is intriguing, but it is also a little enervating.

THE PROFESSOR'S POISON. By NEIL GORDON. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)

"The Professor's Poison" is an extravaganza. It is highly amusing, and it contains as much racing and chasing of international rogues and Scotland Yard detectives as any agile-witted novel reader can wish for. The professor is one of the well-known brand of absent-minded professors. He is vague and gentle, blinks amiably behind his spectacles, and wears an air of simplicity that belies his spirit. For the worthy professor played hide-and-seek with dangerous criminals as well as any man. He had caused a huge disturbance in the military circles of Europe by casually announcing at a gathering of distinguished scientific men (at Peebles) that he had discovered a gas of unsurpassed deadliness. From that moment he was a marked man. The War Office courted him, and emissaries from foreign Powers flung themselves hot-foot upon his tracks. Neil Gordon has provided us with a most cheerful entertainment in "The Professor's Poison," and, if only for its Scots humour, it is to be warmly commended.



IN these few words an actual owner sums up the performance of the Wolseley Straight Eight. Every driver knows the delightful feeling of coasting down hill, no gears engaged, no engine noise, nothing but the soothing hum of the tyres, the poetry of motion, in fact. Imagine this sensation when climbing hills and realise the splendid combination of design, material and workmanship which produces such an effect. Write for particulars and catalogue and permit us to arrange a trial run at your convenience.

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up hills!"







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Cheerio! Hope it keeps fine for you . . ."



## CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

DR. V. SIVAMANI (Sahmaw).—Mr. Campbell's four-mover was solved by several of our readers when published last July. Your carefully worked-out variations show that you have grasped the idea of the problem—forcing Black to release Kd5, Qd5, or Qd4—but KtK2 as a key-move fails against RK16!

M. E. JOWETT (Grange-over-Sands).—(1) In reply to KtQ2, try R×R, and you will find the Knight a nuisance. (2) Look at Mr. Battey's three-er again and try K×Kt (K4) in reply to 2. B×P ch.

J. W. SMEDLEY (Brooklyn).—In Problem No. 4021, either Kt can go to B3, and you should indicate which one you select. Thank you for your good opinion.

COMANDANTE MELENDEZ (Ceuta) and REV. W. SCOTT (Elgin).—In Problem 4022, BKt7 is a near try, but you will find there is no mate after the reply Kt×P. That is why the Kt is placed on QR7 instead of Q8. In the latter situation he would prevent duals after various moves of the Black Rook, but the problem would then have two keys, and we should have to sit in sackcloth and ashes.

J. DOWSON (Exmouth).—In Problem No. 4020 the Queen from Kt5 can mate at Q5 when the unpinned Black Knight goes to Q2, obstructing his KR, and can also mate by taking the QB if the Knight at B3 obstructs the QR; but if 1. QB4 is played as a keymove, these continuations are not possible, and you knock two spokes out of the Knight's wheel.

T. F. ALLPASS (Port Elizabeth).—We are returning your three-mover, which is a little too slight for our column, and is "cooked" by 1. KB3, 2. Q×P.

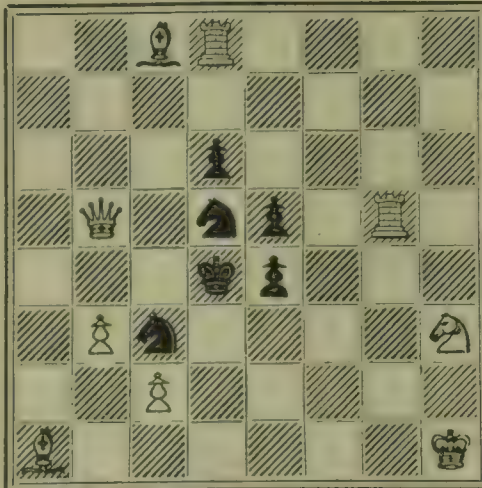
A. KEMP (Saltley College).—We recommend Cunningham's Chess Primer, which gave us our first peep at the principles of the game in our schooldays. This digested (it is not to be swallowed in haste), buy or borrow Dr. Eduard Lasker's "Chess Strategy," which, properly assimilated, will make your spear as a weaver's beam. In the *British Chess Magazine* during the last few months, a series of most excellent articles for the student has been published, over the signature "Eze," which we rather fancy is the alias of a popular Russian master now resident in Paris. Whether this be so or not, they are a regular Michelin guide to the chess explorer, and quite the best of their kind we have seen, though possibly a little advanced for you yet.

R. B. COOKE (Portland, Maine).—See reply to J. W. Smedley above. We shall publish your problem shortly, but it will have to be moved one square to the west, as the B on R1 could not possibly have got there with the KtP unmoved.

FIFER (Markinch).—In No. 4021, KR2 is defeated by RB7 check!

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF No. 4018 received from R. B. Cooke (Portland, Maine); of No. 4019 from George Parbury (Singapore), and J. W. Smedley (Brooklyn); of No. 4020 from C. K. Thomas (Ithaca, N.Y.), R. B. Cooke (Portland, Maine), O. M. Nichols (Exeter, N.H.), and J. S. Almeida (Bombay); of No. 4021 from C. K. Thomas (Ithaca, N.Y.), J. W. Smedley (Brooklyn), J. S. Almeida (Bombay), Victor Holtan (Oslo), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), and R. B. Cooke (Portland, Maine); of No. 4022 from J. C. Kruse, C. Stainer, M. Heath (London), Senex (Darwen), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), Rev. L. D. Hildyard (Rowley), H. Burgess (St. Leonards), H. Richards (Brighton), J. T. Bridge (Colchester), J. M. K. Lupton (Richmond), A. E. Davies (Ferryhill), and Mrs. Rodger (Rutherglen); and of No. 4023 from L. W. Callierata (Newark), J. M. K. Lupton (Richmond), P. J. Wood (Wakefield), and G. B. Barlow (Bournemouth).

PROBLEM No. 4024.—By E. G. B. BARLOW.  
BLACK (6 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

In Forsyth notation: 2BR4; 8; 3P4; 1Qktpr1; 3kp3; 1Pkt4Kt; 2P5; B6K.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4022.—By G. H. CLUTSAM.

KEY-MOVE: KtQ6 [Sd6]. Threat, QK4.

If 1. — P×Kt, 2. R×QP; if 1. — K×R, 2. BKt7; if 1. — BK2ch, 2. Kt×B; if 1. — KtB3, 2. KtK2; if 1. — R×R, 2. QQ2; if 1. — RB4, 2. Q×R; if 1. — KtB6, 2. QB4.

Mr. Clutsum is one of the few men who can compose good music and good problems, though no doubt he finds the former more profitable, and popular with a larger public. No. 4022 has been the undoing of many "safe" solvers; BKt7 (only foiled by the subtle defence Kt×P) being the will-o'-the-wisp that led them to disaster. There are some "duals" after unimportant and foolish Black moves, but they are insignificant blemishes in a position with such a good key and such interesting mates.

## INTERNATIONAL PLAY.

We give this week a game from the match between Stockholm and Berlin, which commenced with some lady-like fencing, and finished in an assault à la mort with the battle-axe.

WHITE (G. Nyholm) BLACK (E. Post)  
1. PK4 KtKB3  
Wishing to play Alekhine's defence, and inviting 2. PK5.  
2. KtQB3 PK4  
Now it is a Vienna.  
3. KtB3 KtB3  
4. BB4  
A Four-Knights game now emerges, but White does not continue with the orthodox BKt5, but plays an old defence, with a move in hand; the best reply, Castles, not being available to his adversary.  
4. — Kt×P  
5. BQ5 Kt×Kt  
6. QP×Kt BK2  
7. QQ3 PQ3  
8. PR4 PKR3  
9. QB4 Castles  
10. KtKt5 B×Kt  
If 10. — P×Kt, 11. P×P (threatening QKR4) B×P, 12. QK4.  
11. P×B KtR4  
12. QK4 PB3  
Black slips again, and is mercilessly hammered.  
13. R×P RKt  
If 13. — P×R, 14. QKt6ch KR, 15. QR6ch KtKt, 16. PKt6.  
14. B×Pch K×B  
15. QKt6ch KtKt  
16. RR7 QQ2  
If Q or R to K2, mate in three follows.  
17. QR5 KB1  
18. PKt6 KK2  
19. BKt5ch Resigns

This, in combination with the open lines conceded to White, proves fatal. Black apparently overlooked the fact that he would be compelled to castle to defend his KBP. Now the Swedish warrior begins to swing the heavy steel.  
White, astride his prostrate opponent, inserts the misericorde between the vizzor-bars with 19. — KK3, 20. QKt4ch KQ4, 21. RQch KB4, 22. QKt4. R.I.P.! A fierce fellow, this Mr. Nyholm; we would like him on our side when "iron on iron clangs."

There is to be a National Masters' Tournament at Budapest in May. This is certain to produce some interesting games.

Sir George Thomas has won this year's championship of the City of London Club without losing a game; Mr. V. Buerger *proxime accessit*.

We learn from that very lively periodical, the *Gambit* (St. Louis, Mo.), that ex-Champion Capablanca and Akiba Rubinstein may be in New York this spring. A match between them would be a very interesting event, and the result no foregone conclusion. Rubinstein has a very original and imaginative style, reaching at times to the level of genius (*pace* Dr. Tarrasch!), and is, in our opinion, capable of extending any living player.

Capablanca's missed chance (quoted in this column a month ago) continues to be the subject of much discussion. It seems to be generally admitted that the line we gave would have won for the ex-champion; but it is now suggested by a Swiss authority that the move he actually played would also have won, properly followed up. The *British Chess Magazine*, however, will not admit that this process of "rubbing it in" is accurate, and we respectfully subscribe to Mr. J. H. Blake's opinion.

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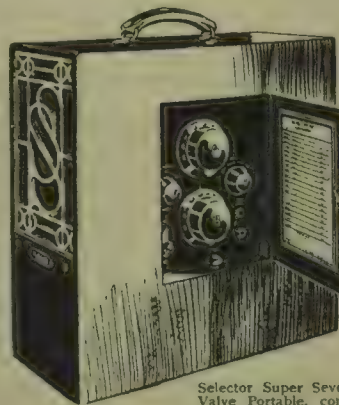
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*(Extract from letter from Nigeria.)*

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## ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE.

## XI.—COUNTRY-HOUSE LIGHTING.

SOMEWHERE in the Highlands there is a large house where visitors are surprised to discover that the rooms are heated as well as lit by electricity; that all the cooking is done electrically; that the water for baths and all other purposes is heated by electrical energy; and that all sorts of electrical labour-saving appliances are in daily use.

Here, in this remote region, where Nature remains in its primitive wildness, is found the ideal of domestic civilisation—the all-electric house. The only parallels to this type of establishment are to be found—so far as this country is concerned—in cities where electricity is so cheap that it can be freely used for all purposes. Country houses, as a rule, seldom rise far above lighting in their attempts at electrification. The reason for this exception lies in the fact that the house is situated close to one of the few convenient sources of water power which our country affords. Given a sufficient "head" and volume of water, it is not very much more expensive to go the whole electric hog than to provide for the lighting demand alone. And once the machinery is installed, its full output can be utilised night and day at little more cost than a restricted use.

There are many corners in Great Britain where a certain amount of water power is available. The multitude of old water-mills proves this, and invites attention to the possibility of utilising the old dams, in an improved form, for driving water-turbines in place of the old mill-wheels.

Very careful examination of all the conditions must, however, be made before one can be sure of an adequate and constant supply of water power in our variable climate. Legal questions about water rights are also involved, and in the vast majority of cases the country-house owner must look elsewhere for his source of electric power.

The usual solution of the electrical problem in a country house is a self-contained plant, consisting of an engine driving a dynamo which supplies electricity either direct or through a storage battery. The cost of the installation depends upon its size, and its size is determined by the maximum consumption of electricity.

So much cheaper has country-house lighting

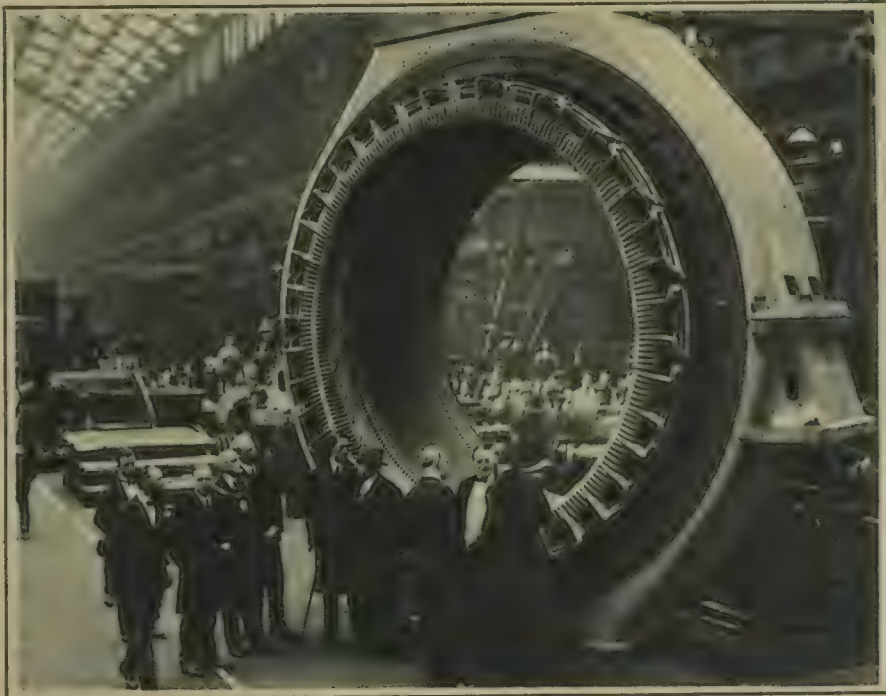
and, as domestic labour has become scarce in the country as well as in the towns, the various labour-saving machines driven by small electric motors appeal as an economical proposition.

Turning to the question of the plant itself, there are, broadly, only two types to be considered. One is the standard type with a slow-speed engine charging a battery which is the main source of supply; and the other is the high-speed engine with a small battery and automatic starting. The choice between these two types is determined largely by conditions. In a bungalow or small house, where space is limited, as in a shooting-box where the plant is not in regular use, the small high-speed set has advantages. It is started simply by switching on a lamp, and it continues running until all the lamps are switched off. In addition to the advantage of low initial cost, it requires little attention.

For anyone with an elementary mechanical sense—and in these days of motor-cars most people have a highly developed one—it is an easy matter to look after an electric-light plant; and if one wants to ensure continued satisfactory operation, all that one need do is to arrange with the installing firm for periodical inspection, which is undertaken for very moderate fees and affords a guarantee against interruption of service or the development of any serious trouble.

One advantage of the larger type of plant, with a separate engine driving the dynamo through a belt, is that the engine may be used for directly driving a saw or a pump or other machine. This is of material benefit on estates where farming and other operations are carried on. With the cheapening and improvement of electrical plant, its use has extended from the country house to the farm

itself. Some source of power is now regarded as essential on up-to-date farms, and there is much to be said for combining the production of electricity with the direct use of power from the engine.—PROTONIUS.



THE AFGHAN KING IN MANCHESTER: KING AMANULLAH (WEARING HAT) BESIDE A HUGE ALTERNATOR IN THE METROPOLITAN-VICKERS ELECTRICAL COMPANY'S WORKS AT TRAFFORD PARK.

At Trafford Park, on March 28, King Amanullah was received at the Metropolitan-Vickers offices by the chairman, Sir Philip Nash, and other directors. There was a display of high-voltage discharges, some of which the King himself switched on. Later he went for a trip on the Ship Canal, in a steam launch, went down a coal-mine, and (with Queen Surayya) visited two cotton-mills. The royal guests were entertained at lunch in the Town Hall by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Manchester, and in the evening at a civic banquet.

become that electric plant is being used for many other purposes than lighting alone. Suction cleaners, toasters, irons, kettles, and other small electrical appliances have become common in country houses;

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A portion of the Engine Room, showing original Dynamo and Switchgear as installed nearly 40 years ago. The same Engineer has operated the plant since it was first fixed.

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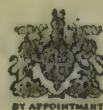
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

### ON KEEPING MOTOR ACCOUNTS.

THERE is hardly a motorist who does not, at one time or another, talk about the cost of motor-ing. Every one of us spasmodically, and generally inaccurately, writes down figures dealing with mileage, petrol consumption, oil consumption, tyre-wear, garaging, and all the various outgoings connected with the possession of a car. I wonder how many of us ever get the sum anywhere approximately right.

Computing the upkeep of a motor-car is anything but a simple business, as those of us who have tried to make a decent job of it have discovered. There are so many things to be taken into consideration, not the least of which is that bugbear, depreciation. Depreciation roughly may be taken as the difference between the cost of the car when new and the amount allowed for it when you buy a new one or when you sell it outright. The second-hand motor market is one of the most mysterious organisations in the country. Some cars which sell originally at a very low price have high second-hand values, and others which are manifestly of better design and construction fetch very little indeed after a comparatively small mileage.

#### The Myth of Depreciation.

That is where your conscientious account-keeper meets his first stumbling-block when he is endeavouring to estimate the cost of running a car. He has no means of knowing without second sight when the car will be sold or what it will fetch, and it is quite useless his writing down an approximate estimate for depreciation, such as 25 per cent. or 50 per cent. For myself, I think it much wiser to cut out this item altogether. If you balance your books truly, you will find when you have allowed for everything—for petrol, for oil and tyres, garaging, maintenance and upkeep—that you have left out the most important item of all on the credit side. You have put down nothing against the enormous pleasure you

have got from the possession of your car, the broadening of your mind from the trips you have been able to make in her, the improvement in your health and that of your belongings, and, as often as not, the money saved from the economy in railway tickets. Do you not think that all these things are worth more than what punctilious people insist upon calling depreciation? If your car has cost £400, and you have had three years' profit and pleasure out of it, and you sell it for £200, would you call £70 a year for health and enjoyment a high price to pay?

#### Tyre Costs.

It is possible, however, if you keep very careful accounts, to make out at the end of each quarter or some definite period what your car has cost you for running expenses; but an absolutely accurate calculation, including the cost of tyres, is by no means easy to make, especially in these days of tyres wearing ten and twelve thousand miles, or even more. You have to begin by writing off the first 10,000 miles as having little, if any, tyre expenses, and immediately afterwards you have to write down quite an unpleasant sum, representing the acquisition of five brand-new ones—although their arrival will not, of course, be simultaneous. If you keep your car for a certain definite number of tyre-lives you might arrive at the correct figure; but who of us could be so cold-blooded as to plan his life for the next five years in such an inflexible manner?

#### £3 10s. for an Inner Tube!

Then, apart from the actual lives of the tyres, there is their fluctuating cost to be reckoned with. It is true that prices have not moved very much in the last year, and that such movements as they have registered have been in the right direction—downwards. That, however, I think, is all the more reason for supposing that that dreaded activity on the rubber market will be upon us before long. Fluctuations in price are not, perhaps, quite so violent as they used to be. I remember, not so very long ago, having to pay £3 10s. for an inner tube of the size for which I now pay about 16s., and I have mercifully forgotten what the

price of the outer cover was. We can always hope that we shall not see such conditions again, but, as the American said, we may have to take it out in hope.

Then there is the varying cost of fuel. As with our tyres, we are having rather a good time at present with fuel. Competition is extremely good for the people who sell us petrol, and they have lately been experiencing a good deal of it, with excellent results to ourselves. Nobody can tell, however, except those behind the scenes, how long this pleasant state of affairs is going to last, and when another enormous merger, as I believe they are called, will take us back to those fearful days in 1920 when a tin of No. 1 spirit cost nearly 10s. I should not like to have to estimate for the next two years' running costs of anyone's car.

#### 2000 Miles for £5.

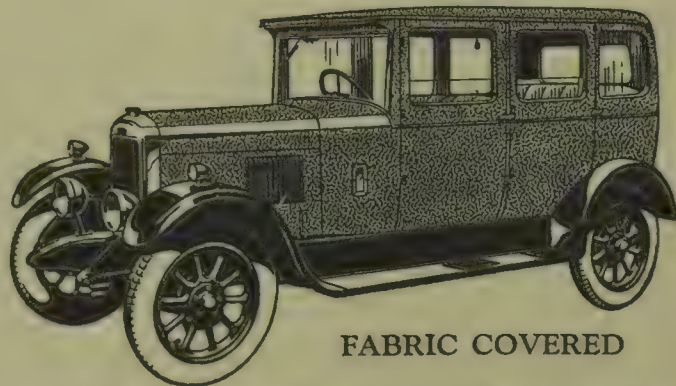
The Rover Motor Company have just concluded an interesting experiment. They recently sent one of their 10-25-h.p. saloon cars under R.A.C. observation on a tour of England and Scotland, to discover how far the car could be run for the sum of £5. The results were published the other day. They were as follows: The total distance covered was about 2147 miles, for which the car used under 67 gallons of petrol at a cost of £3 19s. 1d.; 6s. 0½d. worth of oil; 14s. 5d. worth of repairs (this was for a shock-absorber bracket and for a seat strap); and 3d. worth of distilled water for the battery. The average speed for the running time was 23.9 miles an hour, and the petrol consumption worked out at 232.1 miles per gallon.

I do not know how this result strikes the average owner, but I think it distinctly good. Of course, general conclusions cannot be drawn from this record except as to actual petrol and oil consumption, as no mention is made of tyre-wear, nor, naturally, of a variety of things that may happen to the best of cars during its life. Still, those motorists who have similar cars will be glad to have these encouraging figures by which they can check their own expenditure in similar circumstances.

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## EASTER APPEALS.

EASTERTIDE—like Christmas—is essentially a time of appeal, and we would earnestly call the attention of our readers to charitable objects.



THE FORMER IMPERIAL STABLES AT POTSDAM CONVERTED INTO A HISTORICAL MUSEUM: PERIOD MODELS OF GERMAN CAVALRY AND INFANTRY EXHIBED IN THE HORSE-BOXES, WITH BATTLE PICTURES ON THE WALLS.

Easter offerings can be made in many ways, but there is none better than a gift to a deserving cause.

There is no more cheering record than the list of 3,500,000 childhoods that have been saved from misery and neglect by the ceaseless efforts of the N.S.P.C.C. An appeal is made for contributions to help to restore the gift of a sunny youth to countless little lives which have come under the shadow of pain and trouble. An Easter gift would be well directed to Mr. William J. Elliott, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2, for the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The need of watchfulness is still enormous. Some three hundred fresh cases reach the Society every day.

Then we come to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, which have the proud distinction of housing the largest family in the world—7799 children—and are in constant need of funds in order that they may provide their young charges with food and clothing. An appeal for Easter offerings of ten shillings is made. Each such gift will feed ten needy little ones for a day. They should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 92, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The Secretary of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, writing from the Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11, also asks help; and calls attention to the wants of the Society's Babies' Homes, their Toddlers' Homes, and their other beneficent enterprises. When too old to remain in the Babies' Homes the children are transferred to the Society's other Homes. Altogether the Society has 107 Homes in England and Wales, and two in Canada. The other Homes include those for boys and girls well above the baby stage, Training Homes, a Convalescent Home, and six Homes for cripples, of which the two at Pyrford in Surrey make one of the finest Children's Orthopaedic Hospitals in the South of England. Over 31,000 children in all have been received, and the present family numbers 4592.

Using the slogan, "Remember the Brave Deeds of Seamen," the British Sailors' Society ask that contributions to its funds may be sent to Sir Ernest W. Glover, Hon. Treasurer, 680, Commercial Road, E.14. It was of this enterprise that the Duke of York said: "The Society touches the sailor at every point in his life. . . . It upholds the highest traditions of the Navy, and no words can express higher praise than that." A hundred and ten years' service to seamen is behind it, and it has a hundred homes in world ports. Distress is relieved; seamen's widows and others are provided for; and orphans are maintained.

The Cancer Hospital (Free) was the first special hospital in London for the treatment of cancer.

Neither letters nor payment are required. Annual subscriptions, donations, and legacies are solicited. The address is Fulham Road, London, and the Secretary is Mr. J. Courtney Buchanan.

Over 25,000 young lives have passed through the doors of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* training-ship; and every day £140 is required for maintenance; £36 will keep a girl in one of the Girls' Homes for a year; £40 will give a boy a year's home and training; £75 will give a boy a chance of a year in the *Arethusa* training-ship. The address is 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.



HISTORICAL MODELS WHERE FORMERLY THE EX-KAISER KEPT HIS HORSES: SOME OF THE FIGURES ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF GERMAN MILITARY UNIFORM IN THE PALACE STABLES AT POTSDAM, NOW A MUSEUM.



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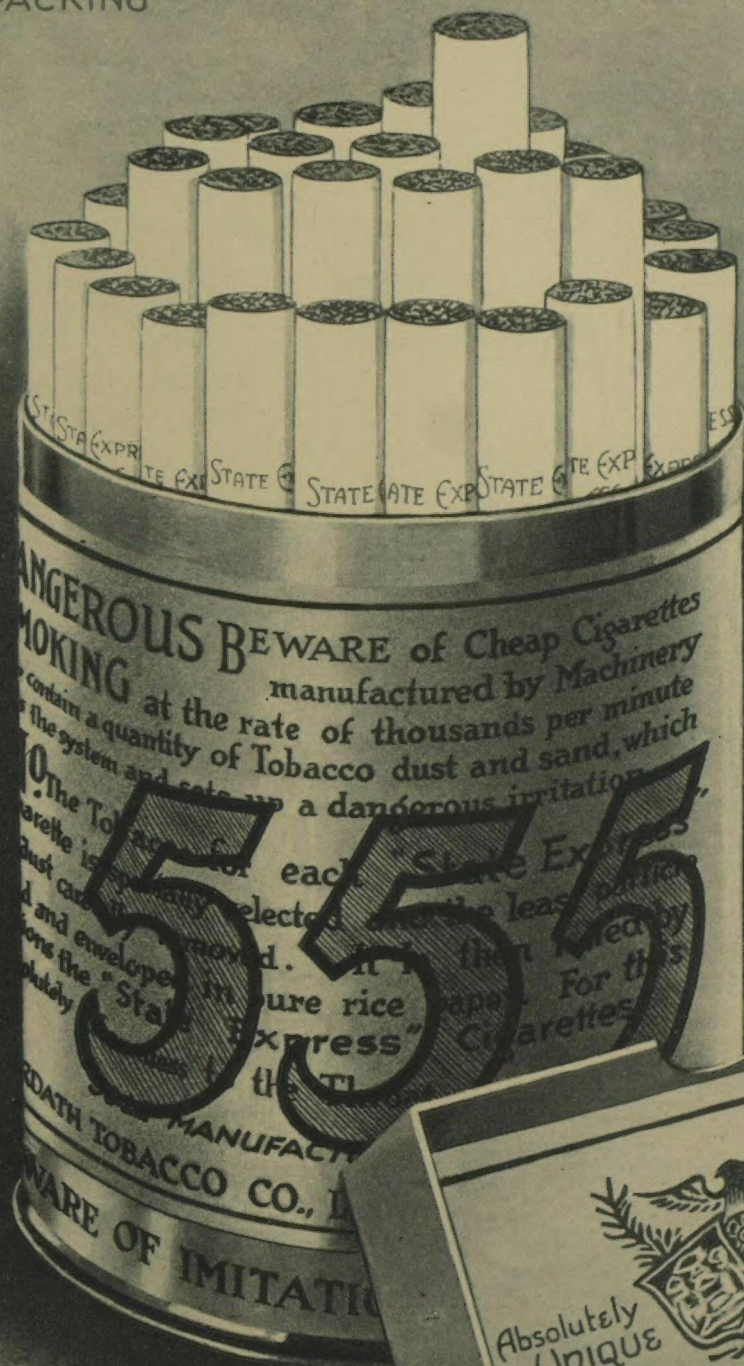
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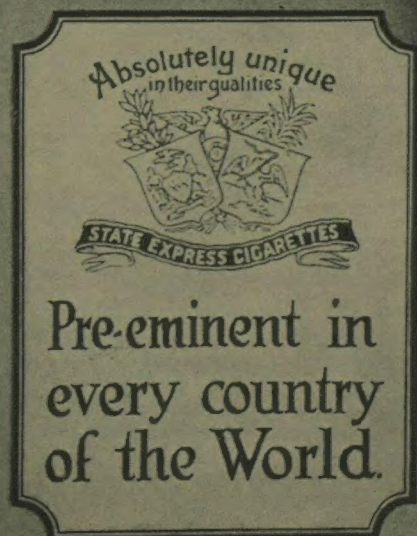
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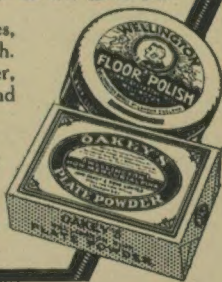
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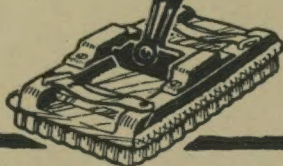
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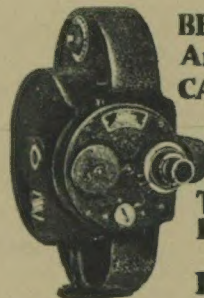
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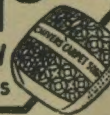
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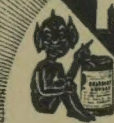
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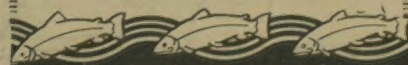
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